TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

A more disgraceful episode than the refusal of the Long Island cottagers to permit the catin passengers of the plague ships to land at Fire Island cannot be found in the history of the Congo or in any dolmen of the South Sea cannibals. The people who made the disturbance are separated by a considerable stretch of water from the Fire Island and the Surf Hotel, which were sold to the New York quarantine authorities. The picture of hundreds of poor people shivering on a boat little better than a tug, after having been confined for weeks in a pest ship—though themselves not infected—should have moved the hearts of the prosperous cottagers to pity. They could have left their cottages and gone to their winter residences if they were afraid of cholera, or might have closed their houses and at slight expense found a home somewhere else. Surely these poor people who had been in the company of death for those long days and weeks deserved the greatest possible consideration. But no, the cottagers were afraid their property would be depreciated and some stony-hearted men even went so far as to elect themselves leaders of the mob in order to make political capital out of the conduct of the State authorities. The cannibals who welcomed missionaries in order to cook them knew no better but were not a bit more cruel.

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The attitude of the modern New Yorker is said to be that of alert hogginshness. Every day he becomes more aggressively hoggish, but this Fire Island episode has shocked even that great majority of our neighbors who believe that it doesn't matter what happens as long as it doesn't happen to them. Intense selfishness seems to be the condition natural to people whose lives are spent in a race for money, with an occasional holiday in which they make quite as greedy a rush for pleasure. Any country which permits dishonesty to be called business smartness, any country in which the millionaire is worshipped after obtaining his wealth by oppressing his employees, robbing his clients, or starving the people, or by "corners" in pork, or by frauds in railroad stocks and mining shares, cannot but come to grief, for selfishness is made God and the Great Good God becomes but a name.

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For a week I have been traveling in the United States. Nobody talks of anything but cholera and Corbett, prize fights and pains. I do not know when I have been as unfavorably impressed by our Yankee neighbors. They are not possessed of that steady and beautiful courage which comes only to those who have fixed views and are not entirely materialistic in their beliefs. They don't want to die; they seem incapable of enduring protracted suffering or self-sacrifice. The rich have not the fortitude and well balanced minds that one sees in the much despised people who through many generations have had much to lose but have never been afraid to lose it. The poor are not satisfied with their condition nor willing "to labor and to wait." They want something good and they want it now, and they don't care who loses it so long as they get it. Talk of the tariff or the negro problem or of labor troubles as much as we may, the great pending evil to our republican neighbors is summarized as the utter disregard of absolute, abstract right-doing. In their hotels they eat and waste per each individual enough to feed six; they smoke cigars each of which would furnish a hearty dinner for two laborers. The laborer, in his turn, will smoke and drink enough in each week to buy a gown, and a very pretty calico gown too, for his wife. The whole trouble is that they are materialists; they want everything now, to-day; let to-morrow take care of itself! I shall have several weeks more in which to study the phases of character which obtrude themselves on the traveler, and later on I shall write more at length with regard to the politics, patriotism and common impulses which have been developed by the conditions of life in the United States; conditions which seen from afar have been attractive to millions of emigrants, but which seen in the lives of the prosperous, in the lives of those who are envied are neither beautiful nor encouraging. DOSS.

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The great Fair is over, and the veins and arteries of the city which have recently been swollen almost to bursting are receding to their normal size and condition of health. Looking over the enlarged grounds, the new buildings, and the various signs of progress, one was sure to be impressed with some idea of the magnitude of the Fair which is being established here. Steadily advancing, it will one day assume immense proportions and draw visitors from the corners of the earth. The genuinely educational features of the Exhibition are the ones which arouse the least excitement, but they exert the desired influence, none the less. The agricultural implement hall, for instance, was never deserted, though never crowded with such uproarious multitudes as rushed to see the Pawnees. Still, you could never go near the agricultural machinery without finding a few farmers carefully examining some new attachment and discussing the merits of rival makes, and comparing their experiences with different machines. The farmer from Glengarry and the farmer from Grey met in the cattle sheds, and Frontenac and Essex exchanged opinions on the result of experiments with Shropshires and Durhams. This is where the Fair does the quiet work of an agricultural college and reaches out to the real people, not satisfying itself with theoretical trifers. It seems certain that as intelligence widens and circumstances improve, the farmer who wishes to give himself an honest chance must visit the Fair and study the progress of a year and then go home and move himself forward a peg or two. So far, progress has not been general and inventions have been half wasted because people remain in certain localities, unconscious of what is transpiring one hundred miles away. The Fair is every year doing more to draw people to one point at one time, where they may size each other up, examine their respective handiworks and the tools used in producing them. The good accomplished in this way is an unmeasurable quantity, but far-reaching and extremely important to Canada.

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Any person who entered the grand stand, sat the programme through and went away with regretful hankerings after his squandered twenty-five cent piece, must be in a very unhealthy frame of mind. Everything unusual that you could think of was to be seen there. Men and women and even children were walking, running and standing with their toes over the abyss of death, and tip-toeing across it on wires, and swinging out over it on trapeze bars—all to amuse you and to requite you for your little bit of silver. Perhaps no programme in the ring before the grand stand ever drew such crowds as this one. People on the street told each other that Calverley fairly ran along the high wire, that he lay down on it, ran backwards, stood upon his head, and walked it encircled in a ring of exploding fire-works. Those who had not seen him expressed astonishment and declared that they must see him. They told each other, too, that there was a strong woman there who lifted a horse and great iron balls and a table with men upon it. Another woman, too, would hang by her toes while her sister would swing across and catch her hands. Any amount of marvelous and dare-devil things to talk about when a fellow was lucky enough to meet an acquaintance who had not been there!

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Notwithstanding the fact that the programme drew, and people talked about the various feats, and those who heard of them decided to go, still, I am not satisfied that the majority of spectators down in the honest bottoms of their hearts really liked to see those women in tights coquetting with sudden death. The seats were filled each day, but I think if it were not regarded as a weakness to express any nervousness at the sight, the majority in the grand stand would have confessed a feeling of uncomfortable nervousness when those women were away up there defying Providence and repudiating the assistance of man. They were out of their sphere, and, worse still, they were out of their clothes. But standing on the slippery edge of death they could not refrain from posing and strutting and flirting, and these feminine graces employed in such a garb and in such a place produced an effect that to me at least was repulsive and ghastly. I could not help expressing a wish that some decent men would come along, call them down, dress them in female clothing, marry them and take them to respectable homes, where the highest wire would be a clothes-line and the only thing in the shape of a trapeze would be a swing for the baby. I don't believe a woman has any business lifting horses and tossing seventy-five pound cannon balls around a platform. She should be strong enough to run a smoothing-iron over a shirt-front when necessary, but not even strong enough to saw wood for the fire on bake-days. Muscle is a male attribute and a muscular female is so masculine that it looks silly for her to ogle and flirt and trip about in a feminine way, for the interest taken in her is similar to the interest taken in a musical cat or a performing donkey. When she discards the clothing of her sex she forfeits the exemptions of her sex and becomes a bit of cheap scenery which tires the eye of a man in half a minute and makes other women feel superior. The delicious mystery, the halo, is gone and one can only stare disapprovingly at the bold, unpoetic exposure.

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If a canvass had been made of the grand stand while those women were upon the trapeze, I fancy a motion requesting them to come down and stay safely upon the solid ground would have been carried by a handsome majority. Not that their feats were not clever, for they were exceptionally so, but because they were women, and it is trying enough—a painful enough pleasure—to watch men risking life and limb for public amusement. Still, the management of the Exhibition are not deserving censure for supplying such attractions. If they did not supply them many would grumble and stay away, whereas very few are kept away now through disinclination to witness such things. They forget their distaste for such sights until seated in view of them, then re-forget it immediately after. I believe it quite possible for a person who could be absolutely calm when in personal danger to exhibit extreme nervousness and excitement when witnessing the danger of another.

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The most generous class of people in any country are those who till the ground. The Canadian farmer has always a well spread table and a spare room cordially at the disposal of his most distant relative or newest acquaintance. When you go to his place he welcomes you not because it is polite to do so, but with honest warmth of earnestness and without mental reservation of any kind. When you are shown into the spare room and close the door, you are not made uncomfortable by fancying that the rumbling voices are talking about the amount of supper you ate and wondering what in the mischief brought you there and how long, for pity's sake, you intend to stay. You cannot stay long enough not enjoy yourself too much to suit him and his family. Their kindness is overwhelming and the fatted calf is served up in vast and well cooked chunks. Hospitable and generous to a degree himself, he never dreams but that city people are similarly built, and thus, without a disquieting thought he bears down upon his city friends about once a year, usually during the Exhibition. If the city cousin fails to visit the farm to enjoy the ready welcome and the teeming bounty, that does not prevent the country cousin from coming into town, for with him it is not a matter of trading hospitalities, but one of spontaneous gladness at re-uniting with separated relatives. The city man who has not tested the warmth of welcome which is ready at all times to greet him at the farm, is surely the only one who grows angry at the visits of rural friends during the Exhibition. There is a mighty mean and ungrateful hole in the heart of the other man, who, after being lionized by his relatives away-back, begrudges a night's lodging and a couple of meals and a few hours of time in entertaining his former host and showing him around. This is a side of the shield that city people generally keep turned away from them. The farmer is generous in hospitality but close with his cash; the city cousin is inhospitable, but ready with his cash.

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There is a class of men who are not easily spotted in the city although they exist here in numbers, yet when they visit us from town, village or farm they make themselves conspicuous and are falsely regarded as typical ruralities. A man of the variety to which I refer will, before starting for the city, enquire far and near for the address of someone who is a second cousin to his wife, and will come along with the name written in his pocket-book, and leave his wife and lunch basket in an hotel sitting-room all day while he hunts his man up. He will make enquiries of policemen, and being perhaps advised to examine a city directory will start off for a certain address and after he has embraced his astonished relative will discover it is an utter stranger of the same name. He will then enquire into the lineage of this "wrong man," and make a bold stagger at establishing some kind of a cousinship, but failing, will start out again to locate his wife's friends, getting more hungry and affectionate every mile he walks. This kind of a man may have a pocketful of money and may be worth thousands, but seems to have made a religious oath never to incur an hotel bill. When he has found his man and explained his relationship by means of a pencil and a sheet of foolscap, no coldness of reception can chill the transports of his delight at the meeting. He is triumphant and hungry and could not be ejected without the aid of several policemen. To avoid a scene, the family agree to tolerate him and his following, but no attempt is made to conceal the ill-grace with which it is done. But that does not matter—he and his are just as happy as though they were hugged and cried over joyfully. These people are exceptional, but not so rare but that many readers of this will recognize it as a true bill against somebody whom they have recent cause for knowing.

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Misunderstanding the principle upon which text books have been made free in our public schools, those who opposed the innovation are now jeeringly asking why the municipality does not go one step further and furnish free wearing apparel for the pupils, and some of those who favored free books are retorting in all seriousness, why not? It can never be until Bellamy's dream is fulfilled and the nation becomes an organized household. To do such a thing now would be going miles too far, or falling by miles to go far enough. There is too much of what may be called irresponsible parenthood already. The other day a man appeared at the police court and had his son committed to the reformatory for a term of years. Perhaps there have been a score of such cases in Toronto this year already, but have you ever thought out the merits of such a case? What business has an individual to sire a public burden? Why should there exist a matter-of-fact process whereby a man may walk up with a spoiled child, occupy the time of an expensive magistrate and paid constables, secure a committal and turn the youngster over to be maintained by the State, that is, by parents who did not spoil their children? Such fathers are generally prostrated with grief at the sad necessity and are sympathized with and praised for discharging a duty against which the parental soul revolts. That is all very well and true enough of the moment, but if first causes are to be considered and past proceedings to be searched into, the father should be imprisoned with his culprit son, each to learn his unknown duty to the other and both their duty to society. If the son is led to the whipping post because of incorrigibleness, the father should be tied with him, so that in smiting the branch we may trim the root as well.

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Just in what relation the State stands to the citizen is hard to determine. Spreading notions of freedom have deprived it of its arbitrary power over the individual, yet is there not a possibility that this has gone too far for the good of the human family? Why should the lawless be allowed every freedom to marry the vicious and propagate the murderous and villainous in multiplied numbers? Not only are the lowest types of humanity allowed to reproduce themselves between terms in the penitentiary, but they are allowed to train up their offspring in evil. There seems to me to be here a vast field of matted nettles for the social reformer to enter upon. Of course, if the right of matrimony be denied the vicious, so trivial a deprivation will not inconvenience them, but here Inspector Archibold's somewhat superfluous department might find fitting employment. One thing at least might be done—it might be ordained that a parent on being convicted of any one of certain enumerated vices, at that moment should forfeit irrevocably to the remaining parent, or in default of such, then to the State, the guardianship of whatever offspring may exist. There should be such an enactment, not in idle existence, but in constant and aggressive operation, kept in continual motion by the Morality Department.

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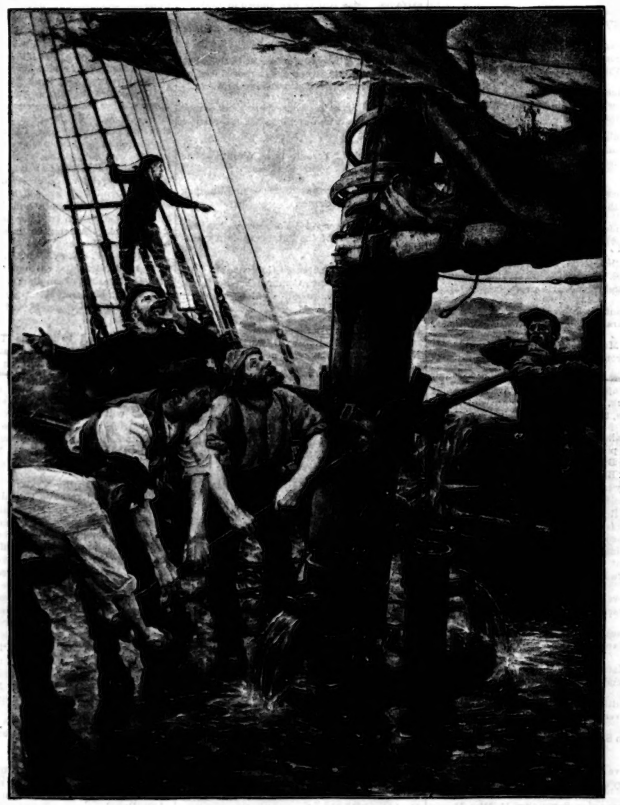
One often tires of hearing how much worse youngsters are now than they used to be, but at the same time, if the coming generation is no worse than was the present one in its early days, then I am not surprised at the numbers of useless men who loaf and curse around the corners, who fill our gaols and mount our scaffolds. There will be no lack of these when the present candidates are all hanged or otherwise disposed of, for heirs to their infamy and vices are being reared up all around us. The prevalent habit of parents is to give a child its own way absolutely until it is ten or twelve years of age, and then hammer it into sudden sub-



ALL HANDS TO THE PUMPS. *By H. S. Tuke, R. A.*

jection with a piece of scantling. Mothers screech and yell and threaten to skin their boys alive, order them to do certain things under the most atrocious penalties, then coax them to do what is wanted, and, finally allow them to triumph in refusing.

* *

As the State is required eventually to take charge of those children spoiled by parents, why should it not assert its authority early and appoint Inspectors of Spanking to enter the home and prevent parents from botching their duty to their offspring and society? This would have another effect, as it would at the outset acquaint youngsters with the truth that when they succeed in getting the mastery of incompetent parents a less gentle power will seize them.

* *

It is very unlikely that the Government will, as rumored, re-impose the export duty on logs. That duty was removed in obedience to threats from Washington and the administration which in reply to retaliatory action at the Sault canal notified Harrison that rebates would be abolished at the end of the year, will surely not so soon put itself in position for another humiliation. This would be the outcome, for our Government's power of resistance has been weakened by its recent submission, and the aggressiveness of Washington has been encouraged by its easy triumph on the toll question. It is insane for our authorities to irritate the big, ungenerous neighbor unless prepared to stand up to a finish in defence of our rights.

* *

The other rumor, that the Government really does intend to meddle in the Manitoba school trouble, not by passing remedial legislation but by giving the Roman Catholic schools a portion of the public school lands fund of the province, has probably something in it. It would be strange if the establishment of the legality and the civil justice of the Manitoba Legislature's course should be allowed to put an end to the matter. Experience tells us that when the Church and the Government get their heads together they find little bother in circumventing so cumbersome a thing as the law and so blind a thing as justice. It may transpire, though, that Greenway will manage to get up an interesting time for Premier Abbott before the moneys are paid over to the separate schools. When an Attorney General for a province once wins a contest before the Privy Council he forthwith becomes cocky and anxious for another bout with the Federal authorities. Mowat, for instance, has a mania for engaging in such tussles, and his admiring friend Greenway may develope a similar *penchant*. Those who profess to see danger in the proposed succession of Sir John Thompson to the Premiership, should reflect for one moment. While that succession would suit the Roman Catholic church because it would guarantee it against outrage, still, the church would no longer receive the bribes to which it has long been accustomed from the hands of Protestant statesmen. Thompson, in reciprocity of established practice, would require to pay his footing in the good graces of Protestants and with golden tonics to keep alive a tolerant spirit among the Orangemen. The relative position of the creeds to the mint would be reversed—a most charming prospect indeed for the evangelical churches which have a miscellaneous collection of musty and miscarried schemes.

* *

The consternation that spreads over a city at the approach of cholera is said to almost double the deadliness of the plague. If it should break out in Toronto almost every person seized with it would at once surrender unconditionally, so terrifying are the reports forerunning it. These reports are overdrawn, for although the devastation is great, yet in proportion to the threatened populations it is not great enough to warrant a panic. It does not sweep all before it—everybody does not take it and all who do take it do not die. Many who are carried off are conquered because proper assistance has not been rendered them. In Canada we have much reason to be thankful for our circumstances even though a siege of cholera should come. There is no country in the world so free from deadly contagions, from earthquakes, volcanic torments, droughts, floods, tornadoes and blizzards. It is human nature to fret over the troubles we have rather than to jubilate over those which we escape, otherwise we would know ourselves to be the happiest of living peoples. Cholera, stalking across the land once every half century, attracts our attention to foreign woes and by contrast instructs us in our duty of thankfulness.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

The garden party last Saturday, though threatened by several showers, was finally vouchsafed fine weather and proved a most interesting and enjoyable affair. The Government House party lent the attraction of their presence and a goodly number of fashionable folk were in attendance. The Rosedale grounds are a very pleasant place to while away an afternoon, and the lacrosse match was an occasion of great fun and interest. I hope by this time that the players of 1866, who frisked about so manfully, have quite recovered from their unusual exertions. It was pleasant to see the well known figure of Ross McKenzie, and some of the juveniles were delighted with the speed and form of our Inspector Hughes.

*

The marriage of Miss Annie Baldwin, daughter of the late William A. Baldwin of Mashquoteh, is to take place on Tuesday, September 20.

*

Mr. Henry Cawthra and family, of Yeadon Hall, have returned from Europe.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Cosby have issued cards of invitation to an At Home to be given to meet the delegates attending the Pan Presbyterian Alliance on September 21.

*

Miss Christie is home again after spending a few pleasant weeks with friends in Guelph.

*

Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther are again domiciled in their pretty home on Bloor street west, after an unusually successful and hospitable season in what is described to me as "an ideal summer residence," in Cobourg, where many of their friends have words of praise for well managed and delightful reunions.

*

Miss Minnie Darby has returned from a very long visit to the West, where she has spent a most delightful summer.

*

A pretty episode of the Exhibition was the driving of Mr. Gray's magnificent English four-in-hand drag by Col. Otter on Monday afternoon. Our stylish citizens should not allow this perfect turnout to leave Toronto.

*

Miss Mossington of Sutton is the guest of Mrs. Esten Williams, 23 Grosvenor street.

*

Miss Wye of Brantford is visiting Mrs. J. E. Thompson of Derwent Lodge.

*

Large and stylish concert parties have listened to the colored *prima donna* this week. Black Patti, as her advertisements call her, has given much pleasure to those who have heard her fine singing.

*

Mrs. J. B. Tinning and son, of Tranby avenue, left last Saturday to visit friends in Whitevale, Ontario.

*

Mr. Walter S. Lee has returned from an extended trip through Manitoba and the North-West. The family have also returned from their charming summer residence at Kew Beach.

*

Mrs. Winstanley has returned home after a few pleasant weeks at Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan L. Hutchins of St. Paul, Minn., were the guests of Mr. A. J. Rattray of Howard street recently.

*

Mr. Brodie of Sault Ste. Marie has been spending a few days in town.

*

Mrs. F. McQueen of Woodstock is visiting Mrs. R. A. Pyne of Gerrard street.

*

Dr. G. L. and Mrs. Milne of Victoria, B.C., arrived recently from the Pacific Coast and have been the guests of Mr. R. H. Matson.

*

The engagement of Mr. George Lewis of St. George street and Miss Buntin of Wellington Place is announced.

*

Our popular hostesses are coming back to town, and many well known homes have their blinds pulled up after a long summer's shrouding.

*

Mr. James Denny has been visiting his relatives for the last few days.

*

The Archdeacon of Kent has been this week the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Alfred Dimison.

*

Mrs. Farish, Miss Farish and Mr. E. T. Farish of St. Louis, Mo., are staying with Mr. Patrick Hughes of Jarvis street.

*

A pleasant little evening was given last week by Mrs. Macdougall of Wellington Place.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Huson Murray and family have returned from Orillia.

*

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to appoint Lieutenant Arthur Thomas Kirkpatrick, 14th Battalion, Princess of Wales Own Rifles, to be his private secretary.

*

On Tuesday last, September 13, a quiet wedding took place in St. George's church, when Mr. Fred Binmore, of the firm of Caverhill, Kissock & Binmore of Montreal, was united in matrimony to Miss May, youngest daughter of Mr. J. L. Robertson of St. Patrick street, Toronto. Rev. Canon Cayley officiated. Only immediate friends and relatives were present. The newly married couple left for New York and Washington, where they intend spending a couple of weeks before returning to their residence in Montreal.

*

Miss Powell of Ottawa is visiting Mrs. Smith of the Ontario Bank.

*

The Misses McConkey of Barrie are visiting Miss Laidlaw of Wood street.

*

Mr. J. Macrae of Guelph has returned to the city to attend college.

*

Mrs. Smith of the Ontario Bank gave a pleasant evening on Thursday for Miss Powell.

*

Mr. John Strathy of Barrie was in town this week.

*

Miss Olive Bentley of Sutton is visiting Mrs. Winstanley of Wellington street west.

*

Last Wednesday, September 14, Miss Marna Jackson was married to Mr. Eric W. H. Holme, at her mother's residence, 149 Gerrard street. After a short trip through the Eastern States, Mr. and Mrs. Holme will reside at No. 17 Collier street.

*

J. K. Kerr, Q. C., has returned from a trip to England.

*

St. Luke's church was beautifully decorated on Wednesday for the wedding of Miss Ethel Meredith to Mr. Ernest Jarvis of Ottawa. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. Broughall and Rev. Leonard Larratt Smith. The bridesmaids were Miss Morna Meredith, and Miss Small of Ottawa, who wore white dresses, tulle veils and yellow flowers, and ribbons. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Edward Jarvis of Halifax, and Lawrence Taylor of Ottawa. After the ceremony the guests drove to the residence of the bride's father, Mr. E. A. Meredith, Rosedale, where a reception was held during the afternoon. Amongst the guests were Miss Ada Meredith, of London, Mr. and Mrs. Robin, Mrs. Bankes, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, Miss Maule, Captain and Mrs. Maule, Miss L. Maule, Mr. and Mrs. Holcroft, Mrs. Osler, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Jarvis, Mr. Alexander McDonell, Mrs. Angus McDonell, Miss McDonell, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsford, Miss Hector, Mrs. and Miss MacKenzie, Miss Cosens, Captain Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Dunstan, Miss McLean, Miss Maud McLean, Miss Osler, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Fitzgerald, the Misses Morphy, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Gillespie, Mr. R. Cassels, Miss Clare Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Miss Saunders, Mr. Bedford Jones, Mrs. W. A. Baldwin, Miss Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Baldwin.

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The marriage of Major Harrison and Miss Frances Smith, daughter of Hon. Frank Smith, is announced to take place October 12th.

*

The marriage of Mr. W. B. Wadsworth, Bank of Toronto, and Miss Florence Boulton, daughter of the late D'Arcy Boulton, is to take place October 5.

*

Mrs. Fred A. Mulholland of Howard street will receive her friends on next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Powell and Miss Ida Powell returned home this week from England.

*

Mr. R. R. Cameron spent a day or two in town last week, the guest of his uncle, Rev. J. M. Cameron, Pembroke street.

*

Mr. Wm. Thomson and family returned to Toronto last week, having spent two most delightful months at their island home in Muskoka. Miss Maude Thomson sails for Europe with friends on September 28, by City of Paris, to travel for a year or more.

*

The weather was so charming last Saturday afternoon that a large number of pleasure seekers were to be seen enjoying the lake breezes out at the Humber. Two merry parties of picnickers wended their way along the bank of the river, where there are some very picturesque and suitable spots for this summer amusement.

*

The engagement is announced of Mr. Wilson Bell, of the Imperial Bank, Brandon, and Miss Jessie Hill, daughter of Dr. Hill of Pennsylvania. Miss Hill is well known in musical circles, having obtained the highest graduating honors in music at Brantford Ladies' College last year.

*

Miss Edith Miller, of Portage la Prairie, has arrived in Toronto to enter upon her duties as instructress in the Toronto College of Music.

*

Mrs. Reid, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. A. C. Wade of Winnipeg, has returned to Toronto.

*

Miss Arnell of Toronto is in Winnipeg, the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. E. Kerr.

*

Mrs. Robert Kerr has returned to Winnipeg from her trip to Toronto.

*

Mr. J. C. Walker of 145 Yonge street has been elected president of the Photographic Association of Canada.

*

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to appoint Commander Frederick Charles Law, R. N., to be his official secretary.

*

The list of September weddings was added to on Wednesday afternoon, when the marriage took place of Mr. Robert Dilworth and Miss Nellie Yeigh at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Edmund Yeigh, Sherbourne street. The bride looked charming in white India silk and embroidered *chiffon*, the bridesmaid, Miss May Hall of Detroit, being handsomely attired in pink *crepon*. The happy couple were the recipients of a large number of beautiful presents. After one of Webb's dainty luncheons, Mr. and Mrs. Dilworth left for the East on a short honeymoon trip, after which they will reside in Listowel. Mr. Frank Yeigh acted as groomsman, and Rev. Dr. Wild performed the ceremony.

*

Yesterday and to-day Miss Hannaford of Winchester street delighted her friends with an exquisite exhibition of china painting. Those who were fortunate enough to receive cards enjoyed the hospitality of the fair *artiste* and her beautiful handiwork.

*

Mrs. Ferland and Miss Potter are the guests of Mrs. Lamont of Ontario street.

*

A quiet wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon when Mr. James Price, manager of the Dominion Bank, Esther street, Toronto, was married to Mrs. Fannie Tyner of Oxford street. Only a few intimate friends were present. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Price departed eastward for a short trip, taking with them the best wishes of their friends.

*

A sale of work under the auspices of the St. Simon's branch of the Ministering Children's League and in aid of the Seaton Village mission, will be held in the grounds at Mrs. Oliver Mackleem's, Mackenzie avenue, Rosedale, on Friday, September 23, from three to seven o'clock. A large attendance is hoped for.

*

Mrs. J. H. Dight of Duluth, Minnesota, is visiting her father, Mr. George Eakin of Carlton street.

*

Miss Nellie Johnston, of Misses E. & H. Johnston, has returned home after an enjoyable European trip.

*

The young ladies of Brighton gave a most successful leap year hop last Tuesday evening in the Roller Skating Rink, which was artistically decorated with flags, curtains, Chinese lanterns, etc., for the occasion. The well waxed floors, neat programmes, delicious supper, good music and choice society all helped to insure a most enjoyable evening, and when God Save the Queen was played all joined in voting it the most successful hop of the season. Among the guests present were: From Toronto—Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, Miss Macfarlane, Miss H. MacKechnie and Mr. Turner. Bowmanville—Messrs. Rowland and Stroud. Grafton—The Misses and Mr. Standly, Miss H. Barnum and Messrs. Pratt and Rogers. Colborne—The Misses Forde, Strong, Nicol, McGlennon, Thomas, Messrs. Johnson, Dewey, Macfarlane, Mahew and McGlennon. Trenton—Mrs. Macaulay, the Misses and Mr. R. Macaulay, Dr and Miss Hawly, Miss Hope, Mr. and Miss Bywater, Messrs. Arnott, Molson and H. Whettier. Belleville—Messrs. Mikel, Auston and Armstrong. Deseronto—Dr. Dulmadge and Mr. Malley. Napanee—Mrs. W. A. Daley, Campbellford—Mr. J. C. Fowlds. Baltimore—Mrs. Falket and Miss Glazer. Brighton—Mrs. Mackechnie, Mr. and Mrs. Auston, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Squires, Mrs. Bullock, Mr. and Mrs. Silcox, Mrs. S. Proctor, Mr. and Mrs. Gunyo, Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt, the Misses Auston, Bullock Clark, Dean, Forde, Life, Lockwood, Mackechnie, Pettigrew, Proctor, Squires, Webb, Windsor, Dr. Wade, Messrs. Auston, Bullock, Dean, Dulmadge, Farley, Life, Larke, Mackechnie, Nesbitt, Rogers, Squires and Webb.

*

One of those happy events in which old and young are interested took place in the First Methodist church, Picton, on Wednesday, September 7, the occasion being the marriage of Louisa Elener Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wilson, to Mr. Ira Standish, barrister-at-law and member of the well known firm of Cassels and Standish. Long before the appointed hour the church was filled with an eager and interested audience of friends and acquaintances. The pulpit was banked with palms, ferns and flowering plants, and the altar rail tastefully decorated with garlands of green caught up with bridal bouquets and white ribbons. At the stroke of twelve the sweet strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March announced the approach of the bride, who entered on the arm of her father and was met at the altar by the groom and his best man, Mr. Wm. Watt of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. F. Ockley of Trinity Methodist church, Toronto, assisted by Rev. Dr. McDiarmid of Picton. The bride was attired in white silk trimmed with pearls and orange blossoms and wore the usual bridal veil, her only ornament being a diamond pendant, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaids were Miss Jean Barker of Toronto, Miss Amy Standish of Oakville and Miss Edith Annand of Picton. They were becomingly gowned in pearl-gray *crepon*, with *chiffon* hats trimmed with pansies, and wore dainty enamelled pins, the gift of the groom. Attired in a lovely frock of cream *crepon* and lace, the niece of the bride, little Louise Noxon of Ingersoll, supported by Master Emory Wilson Eaton of New York, the bride's nephew, as page of honor, carried baskets of sweet peas and carnations. The bride's bouquet was of white roses, while the bridesmaids carried pansies, the bride's favorite flower. At the close of the ceremony the little page and maid of honor preceded the bride to the door, scattering flowers in her path. Evergreen arches had been erected in Mr. Wilson's grounds and through these the bridal party passed on their way from the church to the house, where an informal reception was held. The bride stood under a beautiful floral bell and received the congratulations of relatives and friends. After a *recherche* collation, at which a few happy speeches were made, Mr. and Mrs. Standish left on the afternoon train for an outing in the Adirondacks. Among the guests from a distance were: Mrs. and Miss Standish of Oakville, Rev. J. F. Ockley, Mrs. H. L. Hitchcock, Miss Lind, Mr. James Beaty, Q. C., Mr. and Mrs. D. Rose, Miss Jean Barker and Mr. Watt of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Noxon of Ingersoll, and Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Eaton of New York.

*

Yesterday and to-day the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club are holding their handicap tournament on their pretty court on Front street. Afternoon tea and good play attract large numbers of the gentle as well as the sterner sex. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will attend on Saturday, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will distribute the prizes. The committee in charge of the tournament are: Messrs. Percival Ridout, G. W. Yarker, Oliver Macklem, A. M. Kirkpatrick and R. W. P. Matthews.

*

One afternoon recently Captain Pellatt gave a lovely reception to B company, the bugle corps, the sergeants of the Queen's Own and a number of friends, at a farewell summer party at his lovely lakeside home, Cliffside, Victoria Park. The guests were received by Captain and Mrs. Pellatt, and at six o'clock a bountiful repast was served in a marquee on the lawn. Webb's men waited on the merry party, and after supper the bugle corps, under Bugle Major Swift, discoursed sweet music from a fern and flower-wreathed platform. Lieut.-Col. Dawson, R. G., Major Buchan, R. S. I., Drs. Lesslie and Nattrass and many of the officers of the Q. O. R. were among the two hundred guests who enjoyed Captain and Mrs. Pellatt's gracious and bountiful hospitality.

*

Miss E. Pauline Johnson was in town this week, looking bright and bonnie after a Muskoka summer.

*

Previous to his departure from Brockville, Professor Clark was made the recipient of an address and a purse of gold from the members of St. Peter's church, who have been much benefited by his Sabbath ministrations and charmed with his lectures on Savonarola, Kingsley's Water Babies and The Princess.

*

The lacrosse match between Barrie and Brampton which was played at the Rosedale grounds last Wednesday afternoon, attracted an immense throng of people. The skilful playing by both clubs merited well the repeated and enthusiastic applause of the numerous spectators, but Barrie came out victorious and were carried off the field amid great cheers by their many friends. Brampton, Aurora and Newmarket were well represented in the

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

AS GOVERNESS—Two Young Ladies. The last returned from Germany, who will teach French, German and music, seek engagements as resident governesses in schools or families. Good references given and required. Address Box 168, Woodstock.

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$1, $1 25, $1.50

We have opened our dressmaking rooms, and are prepared to complete orders on the shortest possible notice.

New dress materials and trimmings, suitable for fall costumes.

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We have this week received novelties in English and American Sterling Silverware; also full lines in Ladies and Gent's Gold and Silver Watches, which we are enabled to offer at prices lower than any other house in the trade.

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Made of Best Glazed Brown Stoneware; 8 Gallons Capacity; Price $5 00

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Hints on Hand Wear.

In none of the minor items of dress has fashion wrought more marked changes than in gloves.

Years ago, the average woman wore gloves which it was a work of grace and often the task of an expert to put on to her hands. Now all this is changed; and, instead of a semi-deformed, pinched-up hand, which sometimes more nearly resembled the foot of a chicken than the hand of a human being, we have symmetrical, easy, comfortably fitting gloves, which add much to the charm of a beautiful hand, and, when well chosen, conceal the defects of one which lacks the minor points of attractiveness.

Very tight-fitting gloves are so entirely out of fashion that to wear them proves one ignorant of current styles. There is an increasing demand for gloves of heavier kid than those which have been for some seasons popular.

There are firm, fine kid gloves which are much liked by English women, but have thus far found comparatively little favor in this country. Tourists who have become familiar with them are calling for them, and as a matter of course they must be kept by the leading dealers.

These gloves will outwear two or three pairs of the ordinary grades of gloves. Possibly this is one reason why merchants do not take more pains to keep them in stock. In many places they are not to be had at all; in others it is only occasionally that one can find them.

There is much complaint of the quality of gloves ordinarily found in the stores. Not one pair in three will bear the second wearing without breaking out somewhere. The threads with which they are sewed wear off, and those who wear over-seamed gloves will find them split on the ends of the fingers in a very short time. This is one of the advantages of the stitched-through seams. The edge of the kid protects the stitching, which wears very much longer on this account; besides, the stitched, through seams are done with a much better thread.

There is quite as much of a revolution in the color of gloves as in the size. Half a dozen years ago a woman wearing white gloves and a gray walking-dress created a profound sensation during the entire length of her walk down the fashionable portion of Broadway. People stared and wondered; some laughed, others shrugged their shoulders and declared that she must be out of her mind. To-day, one might meet twenty white-gloved women in the space of a single block. And so fashion changes.

Gray gloves are going out of fashion, as are also gray materials of almost all sorts. Brown seems to be in the ascendant, and brown tan, many of the shades quite dark, will be among the most desirable colors.

White, ivory and putty-colored gloves are much liked; also a shade which appears to be made up of gray, white and yellow, making a dingy, creamy tint.

White chamois gloves are sold in enormous quantities. While they are liked by a great many persons, there is nothing in the glove line which is as durable and every way satisfactory as a fine grade of finished kid. Such gloves may be cleaned with perfect success. Cheap grades of finished kid are less desirable than undressed kid. According to the best authorities, the coming glove is the Biarritz glove, which is cut with a whole wrist. In good grades of goods, these are the most convenient and durable of all styles. Many ladies use them for driving gloves, but they are scarcely as desirable for this purpose as the snug buttoned gloves, as the constant pulling of the reins will sometimes draw the gloves almost entirely down from the wrists. With the almost universal use of white duck and *pique* dresses, white gloves have become a necessity. It is very easy to clean them, and they may be made almost as nice as new by the use of naphtha. This should be handled with the utmost rapidity, as leather saturated with this preparation for any length of time loses its elasticity, and becomes tender and almost worthless after a time. Merely washed, rinsed and dried in the air, it is, however, entirely harmless.

Much can be done to add to the durability of gloves by rubbing the inside with some soft, fine oil. Almond oil is probably the best for this purpose. The leather absorbs it and becomes soft, pliable and elastic.

With the coming of elbow sleeves, very long-wristed gloves are again in fashion; eight or ten button gloves will be the rule with the new style of sleeves.

Russian leather gloves are popular with many persons. The odor of them is liked among the other belongings, and even those who do not care for wearing the leather sometimes keep a pair of them in the glove box on this account. The same object will, however, be obtained by saturating a bit of leather with hemlock oil, which is the basis of the Russian tan.

LA MODE.

Tennyson's Princess.

Rev. Prof. Clark delivered a lecture last week before the Ladies' Association of St. Peter's church, Brockville, on Tennyson's Princess. It was a fine defence of the poem, and a summary of it should be widely interesting. He said: "The poem was no doubt suggested by the movement in behalf of women's rights which was begun about half a century ago—a movement full of earnestness and absurdity, of truth and exaggeration, the revolt against convention passing into a rebellion against nature. The Princess was in deadly earnest in her efforts for the regeneration of women, and she was in a great measure in the right, as the Prince saw, as her brothers saw; but she was guilty of a double error in imagining woman to be as man and in thinking that she could work out her own destiny independently. Moreover, she made the mistake of supposing that knowledge was omnipotent.

It had been said that the character of the Prince, who tells the story throughout, was insignificant. This was a complete mistake. The harmony, the completeness, the fairness of the Prince's mind (as so often happens) was taken for weakness.

The Prince, "while life was yet in bud and blade," had been betrothed to a neighboring princess, and had carried her picture and one dark tress of her hair by his heart for years. When he was grown up, his father, a rough old king, who had no sympathy with these notions about woman's rights, sent to the father of the princess, King Gama, to demand the fulfilment of the contract. Gama was a delightful old imbecile who did not want to quarrel with his own family, nor yet with a powerful neighbor. He granted the compact.

"But then she had a will; was he to blame?
And maiden fancies; loved to live alone
Among her women; certain would not wed."

The old king in great wrath proposed war, but the Prince went off with two companions, Florian and Cyril, and made their way to the court of Gama. In a most characteristic speech the temporizing old king told how his daughter had got filled with these new notions, blaming the two widows—Lady Blanche, who had a daughter grown to early womanhood, and Lady Psyche, who had a baby two years old—for having fostered these ideas. He could do little for them, but he would give the Prince a letter to his daughter, the Princess Ida, not knowing that it was death for any man to enter the precinct of the woman's college.

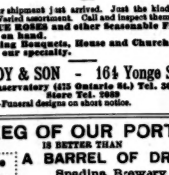
As the only way of gaining admission, they dressed as women and entered as students. But Florian was recognized by the Lady Psyche, his sister, and Cyril revealed his sex by singing a boisterous song. The company broke up. The princess was thrown into a river, from which she was saved by the Prince. Cyril and Psyche fled, and the Prince and Florian were ignominiously expelled from the grounds.

But the old king, hearing of his son's danger, had levied war and was keeping King Gama as a hostage. Everything seemed to fight against the Princess—nature, ridicule, and now war. It was resolved that a company of King Gama's men led by the three brothers of the Princess should fight a similar company led by the Prince and his two companions—the conditions being that, in case the Prince was victorious the Princess should marry him, otherwise he should abandon his claim. The three friends went down beneath the arm of Arac, the giant brother of Ida, and were almost done to death.

The college was broken up, the wounded were tended by those who remained, and the failure of the Princess' scheme became manifest. The Lady Blanche, selfish and imperious, scoffed at the bringing of the wounded within the walls of the college, but her daughter Melissa became betrothed to Florian. The little child of Psyche was kept by the Princess when its mother fled, and this child forms an important element in the development of the plot, being with the Princess a witness to nature and keeping awake her human feelings. Through Cyril's intervention the babe was restored to its mother, and at last the Lady Psyche confessed her love for Cyril.

Among the most beautiful passages in the poem are some of those relating to the Prince's recovery, and to the rising of love in Ida's heart as she watched him coming back to life. Yet she was unwilling to abandon her old purpose. Women should be elevated, and how could she give herself to a man who had no sympathy with her plans? The Prince's reply is intended to convey the author's solution of the problem. The passage is long but the gist of it is contained in the following lines:

For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man
Sweet love were slain, his dearest bond is this
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow,
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throng the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childbeare care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

PALMS  PALMS

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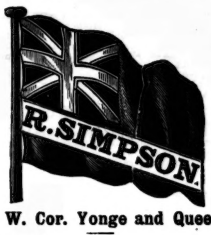

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

TWO thoughts are valuable to note in connection with silks this season.

Firstly, to adopt the plan of the preacher, they'll be more than usually worn for dress purposes. A black silk dress will not be a novelty in dress wear. The pendulum has swung to the other side, and it'll be fashionable for all classes to wear silk. We've built on this condition and made our purchases in silks accordingly.

Black Gros Grain Silks, 75c., worth $1.
Black Faun de Soie, 85c, wholesale price $1.
Black Armure, exceptionally good for wear, $1.

Secondly, silks for evening wear will be the popular and correct thing. Never have we been able to show so large and beautiful range. If one of those little affairs, a wedding, is on hand, no place can more completely fill the bill. Our arrangements are complete for showing our evening silks by gas light, so that the most perfect effects in making a selection are secured. Particulars of a few lines:

China Silks, 700 pieces, 21 inches wide, 17½c.
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The *Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal* of December 1 says: "Madame Ireland's soap, which is now being introduced in Canada, possesses all the characteristics of a perfect non-irritating detergent. It possesses special medicinal properties which render it very useful in some cutaneous affections. It is offered exclusively through the drug trade.

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Shaft straps in great variety, 10c., reduced from 25c. We will close a large consignment of beautiful Albums at less than cost of importation, and not one-half of usual cost. See them.
Boys' Safety Bicycles, $6, were $13, and with rubber tire $8, were $16. Boys' High Wheel, $2 50, were $7.50. Baby Carriages, $5 50, were $10. Hammocks, 50 per cent. of real value.
Handsome Croquet Sets, 64c., worth $1.25; Toilet Paper, full 1000 sheet package, 9c., Rolls, 10c.
An immense Display of Agate Ironware Teapots, 50c., worth $1.25; Preserving Kettles at half price; best Crown and Gem Preserving Jars, pints, 88c.; quarts, 95c.; 2 quarts, $1.25.
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Store closes at 6.30 p.m., except Saturday evening, open until 10.30 p.m. Come and see.
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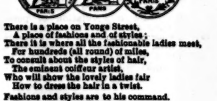

There is a place on Yonge Street,
A place of fashions and of styles;
There it is where all the fashionable ladies meet,
For hundreds (all round) of miles,
To consult about the styles of hair,
The easiest coiffeur artist,
Who will show the lovely ladies fair
How to dress the hair in a twist.
Fashions and styles are to his command.
His name is Jean Trancle-Armand.
No equal he has in this great land
Of the American continent.
In Europe, among the artistic world,
Well known this famous name is, so I am told.
Through natural gifts of the creations
Has he obtained prices for his art of all the nations.
A Frenchman true in test and way
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No other man can imitate his art and test,
Acknowledge you must who know Frenchman best.
Importers have tried, and try it yet,
To imitate, but these styles are to get.
They take recourse to great Paris name,
For advantage sake, but without fame.
The public to-day is not so blind;
They see through the design from behind.
Dedicated from an obscure patron to J. TRANCLE-ARMAND, the only French Ladies' Hair-dresser and Hair-dealer in Toronto.
Anti-septic Face Bath, Face Massage, Face Treatment. Best and most scientific system for purifying the skin and preservation of a healthy complexion, with wonderful success. Manicure in all its detail. Parlor now open with above establishment. Consultation free.
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MISS DUFFY'S Mantles, Wraps, Jackets, &c., are also reduced to half price, and ladies desiring travelling or boating garments should take this opportunity of replenishing their wardrobe at low cost.
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CHAPTER XI.

JOHN CRANE INTERFERES.

John Crane had never seen Frank Jeaters until the latter came into the shop at Muscovy place with Edith Orr that afternoon. John Crane gazed at the tall, handsome stranger with steady, unoffensive, unoffended eyes.

"Mr. Crane," said Mrs. Orr gravely, "this is Mr. Fancourt, who has taken our rooms; Mr. Fancourt, Mr. Crane, who helps us with the business, and looks after all the work that has to be done."

"Miss Orr has just been telling me of Mr. Crane," said Jeaters, bowing politely. "She has informed me, Mr. Crane, that only for your assistance the difficulties of your mother's business would be very great indeed."

John Crane bowed but said nothing. "This good-looking lodger," he thought, "seems to have taken more than lodgings; he seems to have taken an interest in the family with the rooms."

"I must run away now, Mrs. Orr," Crane said aloud, turning to the widow; "I have only just time to catch the ferry." He bowed to all, lifted his hat, and left the shop.

"Mr. Crane lives at the other side of the river, Mr. Fancourt, and comes to us every day," said Mrs. Orr. "If you would like to go to your rooms they are quite ready."

"Thank you," said Jeaters, "I think I will run up for a few minutes anyway."

"You will use the room this evening?" she asked.

He started. "Use them to-night! I am not sure. I will let you know later," and he went through the side door into the passage, ascended the stairs, entered the sitting-room over the river, and flinging himself into an easy chair gave a sigh of relief.

Jeaters did not feel himself to-day. He was suffering from a double reaction; from the reaction after the terrible excitement of the night before, and after the drug he had taken to stay his thoughts. He had not gone near St. Vincent place. He felt too exhausted, shattered. He could not make his mind up to anything. He knew logical thought was an impossibility in his present condition.

Since his awaking that day he had told himself a hundred times that he had done nothing which laid him open to the law of the land, and now he was telling himself with pitiful insistency that he had been guilty of no serious offence against even the moral law.

Of course he had on the previous evening given Pollie an account of purely imaginary occurrences of the night before, but many men hardly ever told their wives half of how they had spent their time when out late, and their inventions are but laughed at or are treated as venial faults.

If he had only not opened that accursed trap door, or if he had only shut it down before leaving, there would have been nothing of consequence for him to reproach himself with.

Had that unhappy woman risen from her bed in sleep, and while wandering about the great hall been attracted to the place where she knew the pit existed, and fallen into the pit? If so, what then?

He would not, he could not, think of such a matter. Why should he? It was absurd, grotesque, and yet if it were so monstrous why did he allow it to torture and madden him?

Ay, he could answer that question. The idea tortured and maddened him because he was out of sorts, because he had made a fool of himself last night in imagining evils which could never arise in reality, had swallowed that baneful drug and was now well-nigh distraught. Because, in short, he was at present a craven fool.

One good result had come out of the past few days: he had secured this haven of safety where even his name was not known, and he could not be traced to Muscovy place, from either Hoxton or St. Vincent place. At Muscovy place he was a new man; a bachelor, with no record.

If he should want a refuge here it lay open to him. Of course he did not contemplate requiring sanctuary, but, anyway, it would give him a sense of security to know he could walk into this house at any time, and rest unidentified with his other self and his past. In fact, he was using the place to-day as an asylum. Had he not come here as a matter of course? and could he not stay here as a matter of right?

This house, with the river under his window, owned an advantage which had profoundly impressed him. This river ran close to the window, and although he was not a particularly good swimmer he should not be afraid to trust himself to the water at the back if he were threatened in front.

With a start he bethought himself of a strange forgetfulness. He had neglected to provide himself with luggage! What would the people of the place deem of a man who took up his quarters with no baggage, no goods but the clothes he wore? This omission must be rectified at once.

He rose and descended the stairs to the hall.

If Frank Jeaters had been asked as to his criminality of his thoughts one singular fact ought to have relieved him of that doubt. He had not in all his cogitations allowed his mind to rest on Edith Orr, although her figure was never for an instant absent from his imagination, although she, and she alone, had been the cause of his taking the lodgings yesterday.

Jeaters went out by the side door, meeting no one on his way. He had found something to do, and finding something to do just now was better than getting a legacy in ordinary times.

Earlier that day, in coming to Muscovy place, he had avoided Verdon. He did not want to pass the St. Vincent now. He had no care to shrink from general observation. His person was unknown in Hoxton, and in the place he had been kept to himself. He walked briskly to Furham Railway Station and booked for London Bridge.

Crossing the river, he found a tailor and outfitter's in Bishopsgate street, bought a suit of ready made clothes and a supply of linen, and told the tailor to put his purchases on one side, until he came back with a portmanteau for them, adding that he was on his way from Lincolnshire to Cornwall, and had left his luggage.

He took a hansom, drove to Houndsditch, dismissed the cab, bought a second-hand portmanteau, and, carrying it in his hand, went to another shop, where he obtained twenty yards of inch rope, which he put into the upper compartment of the portmanteau. He drove back to the tailor's, packed his new clothes in his valise, re crossed the Thames and went back to Furham by train.

He stepped out of the Furham railway station a new man, almost his old self. The run up to town, the feeling that he had been doing something to complete his plan, and the increasing distance from the terrors of last night and the malign influence of yesterday all tended to soothe and cheer him.

The feeling of last night, he told himself, had been completely, or almost completely, groundless—a trick of overheated imagination. Nothing dreadful had happened at St. Vincent place. He had never meant more than to startle Pollie and rouse her up a little. She wanted rousing up, goodness knows. Perhaps he had not been very wise or considerate in leaving the trap door open; perhaps he had not been very kind in leaving her another night to go to bed in that empty barrack by herself, perhaps he had not been very good natured in telling her the yarn about that dead woman found in the river. But all these together fell very far short of real wickedness, to say nothing at all of crime. He had been making a fool of himself in attaching tragic importance to things in no way out of the path of common everyday experience. Pollie was all right at St. Vincent place, and as soon as he had deposited his valise at Mrs. Orr's he would go to the hotel and see how Pollie had been getting on in his absence. This whole affair of taking lodgings under an assumed name was nothing more than a harmless attempt to get rid of the tedium of his humdrum life. It was merely a feeble and somewhat childish device for trying to satisfy a somewhat silly craving for the semblance of a romance.

Frank Jeaters was busy by these thoughts and reflections cajoled himself into a pleasant state of mind, stepped out with an elastic tread towards Muscovy place.

While her new lodger was in town that day, Mrs. Orr received a letter which threw her into a state of extreme agitation. She was a talkative, but not communicative woman. She never blurted out that which she had resolved to keep to herself. John Crane was to speak to Edie, and it would be best to leave all to him to say for him to say himself. She told herself that when there is no occasion for elders to appear with a veto in a love affair, it is best to leave the whole matter in the hands of the young people themselves.

Some time after the introduction of John Crane to Mr. Edward Fancourt in the shop, the widow got a letter by hand from Crane, and with the substance of that letter she did not agree at first. She was in no doubt of telling Edith that John Crane had proposed, but she felt in some doubt as to whether she ought or ought not to tell her daughter the contents of this letter. Only that John Crane had made plain to her his intentions with regard to Edie, this letter would never have been written. It would be an impertinence for him to interfere in domestic arrangements if he was likely to own no stronger claim upon her attention than that of being her paid servant. But knowing his aspirations, nothing could be more reasonable than that he should write this letter.

Edith was busy getting the tea ready when Mrs. Orr made up her mind to speak, and called the girl to her in the shop.

"I want your advice what to do about a letter I have just got from Mr. Crane."

"A letter from Mr. Crane, mother!" cried the girl in astonishment. She had come into the body of the shop, and was standing outside the counter, resting her elbow on one of the counter glass cases, in which were displayed a few pair of spectacles and a few cheap silver trinkets. "What can he have had to write about? It is only a little while since he was here."

"It isn't about the business, child. It's about Mr. Fancourt."

"About Mr. Fancourt, mother!" cried the girl, with increased surprise. "In the name of wonder, what has Mr. Crane to say about Mr. Fancourt! I thought they never met until you introduced them here to-day."

"No; they never met until then, and it's very awkward; but here's the letter. Read it for yourself, Edie, and tell me what you think of it. Mr. Crane wrote because he is not coming here this evening."

The mother held out Crane's letter. It ran as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Orr,—Of course I have no right to interfere in the matter. I am sure you know me all the case requires, and that Mr. Fancourt is a highly respectable gentleman. But I trust you were very particular about references. Remember, the goods in question are very real are not ordinary goods, and that though you have a safe and put the jewellery into it every night, no safe is any good if the lodger knows where it is. I have often thought of suggesting that you should take that bill out of the window, but I put off doing so because you told me you never had even an enquiry about the apartments. A jeweler ought not to let lodgings to anyone who is not personally known to him, and I do not think lodgings ought to be let in a jeweler's where there is no man unless the lodger is a relation or personal friend. I have seen Mr. Fancourt only once, to-day, in your presence, and I was favorably struck by him. If you are quite satisfied with his references you need not give this letter another thought, and I am sorry for troubling you with it. "I am, dear Mrs. Orr,

"Yours very sincerely,

"JOHN CRANE."

The girl drew back into the middle of the shop when she had finished reading the letter, and let the hand holding it fall to her side and with a gesture of decision and disappointment.

"Well, Edie," said the mother, "what do you think of it?"

"Think of it!" cried the daughter with a frown. "Why, mother, there is only one thing to think of it. Mr. Crane is perfectly right, and we were perfectly wrong to take Mr. Fancourt into the house without any kind of reference at all, and there is only one thing for it now.

"And what is that, child?" said the mother anxiously. "Keep to our bargain, and let him stay! He is surely not a thief, dear?"

"We can't tell him now, mother, that we want references; but we can and must tell him we want the rooms in a week, and we must ask Mr. Crane what we are to do in the meantime to make all safe here. We must remember that often we have valuable things which we could not pay for if they were lost, and often we have things that mere money could not make good to the owners."

"My dear child," said the old woman, her breath taken away by the vigor and decision of the girl, "I hope you will think well over this. It would look very strange to let our rooms to this gentleman yesterday and tell him to-day we must have them in a week. Then remember the fifteen shillings. What a help that would be."

"Not a bit; it will look strange, and more than strange; but if we have behaved like silly people, mother, we must take the consequences and if the consequences are disagreeable."

"But we can do nothing to-night."

"He is not going to sleep under this roof to-night, mother. How on earth could you think of allowing such a thing. I tell him he cannot stay to-night. He can go back to his former lodgings or get a bed at an hotel. I'll write to Mr. Crane and ask him to call and advise us. He will come to-night, I dare say, if I ask him specially. We need only speak about to-night to Mr. Fancourt, until we see Mr. Crane. Mr. Fancourt is gone out. I heard the door bang."

"Very well, child, you know best, I dare say, but it is very disagreeable about having to tell him I am very afraid he mightn't stay. I tell him by accident as I was coming in a while ago. I saw him before he saw me, and his face was not the same face as you saw with him here."

"Good gracious, child, what are you saying! Your face is changing too. Do you mean that he was disguised?"

"No, quite the contrary. I mean that he had put aside his disguise. When we saw him here he was disguised. I think he is most of his time disguised."

"You terrify me," cried the old woman, rising and staring in fear at the beautiful girl whose face had gradually grown pale and abstracted as though she were communing with invisible things.

The girl came back to herself with a laugh and cried playfully. "Mother, you need not alarm yourself. I don't mean that he has false whiskers and a limp. I mean only that there are two men in Mr. Fancourt, and that one of them isn't a bit nice, is like a frightened cur. I noticed also that while he has been here he never looked in my face once. Now Mr. Crane always looks me straight in the eyes and I like him for that."

"Yes, my dear, I think Mr. Crane a very honest man."

"I think so, too, and I don't believe Mr. Fancourt is—but hush, mother, and sit down for goodness' sake. Here comes Mr. Fancourt with his portmanteau."

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOME-COMING OF FRANK JEATERS.

On his way from the Furham station to Muscovy place Jeaters had plucked up courage. He persuaded himself that he had done no very little. If anything, blameworthy. At the worst he had been only a trifle inconsiderate in his talk, and the leaving of the trap door open was no more than an accident, or a piece of reprehensible carelessness, of which there was no need to think further as nothing untoward would come of it. He should be back at the Verdon to-morrow, telling Pollie of—well, telling Pollie something or other, fact or fiction, but if fiction he would be able to make it plausible enough. A chance of being appointed private secretary to a great nobleman, or getting an appointment at the head office in town.

He opened the shop door at Muscovy place just as Mrs. Orr, in a painful state of trepidation, sank back to her seat at the head of the counter inside the window.

"Here I am with my modest belongings," said he to the two women as he let his portmanteau drop to the floor.

Edith had gone back to her former post by the counter.

"Oh," said the girl, "you have brought your portmanteau."

"Yes," he answered, looking at her straight in the face for the first time, and smiling brightly. He had acquitted himself of all charges, and could look the whole world in the face now. He had banished all tragic thoughts from his mind, and might now surely, without reproach, feast his eyes on the radiant beauty of this blithe girl. In all his life he had never until the past couple of days denied himself the pleasure of exploring eyes. He was accustomed to the smiles of lovely eyes, and he knew the pleasure, the stimulation for the heavenly and inspiriting smile ever encountered; and yet now when his gaze rested on her face it was sober, not to say grave. He looked at the mother. Mrs. Orr looked still more disquieting; she seemed troubled, almost terrified.

He glanced from one to the other. He felt at first perplexed, then uneasy, and finally alarmed. He found no welcome on the face of either woman. He never had been in any time on the look out for a lodger, and that they were poor. He had taken the rooms without bating them a penny. It was as clear as noonday he was not welcome in this house to-day. Why?

Had anything happened at the St. Vincent, and were these two women in connection with all the facts? He knew he changed color, had grown pale. It was a good job he had put down the letter, or it would have fallen from his unnerved hand.

"I—I suppose," he said, hesitating and stammering, "I suppose I may go upstairs?"

His manner was enough to convince the most confiding and innocent that something was wrong. On receipt of John Crane's letter, and while discussing it with her daughter, she had more than once come into Mrs. Orr's mind that the letter sprang out of Crane's desire to guard Edith from contact with a good looking and attractive stranger. No lover could be insensible to the danger of finding such a possible rival in his way, under the very roof with the girl he loved. In addition to the reasons mentioned to Edie for pausing before turning away this desirable lodger, was the feeling that John Crane would be jealous of any operations apart from the security of the stock. But Fancourt's present manner was more confident than any words or evidence could be. In this house this man should never stay. That Mrs. Orr now fully resolved.

"He looks at this moment like a man who knew the police were after him. When he glanced at the door before speaking to Edie, it was as though he expected to see constables coming in with handcuffs for him."

On Fancourt's question about his going upstairs, Mrs. Orr looked at her daughter with trembling apprehension. To her horror, she heard the girl say:

"Shall I carry your portmanteau for you?"

"What!" he cried. "You carry my portmanteau upstairs!" His worst fears were not confirmed by the question. She had not said "Your wife is dead. We cannot have a murderer in the house." He began to recover from his fear. He tried to smile. "Surely," he said, "you do not suppose me capable of allowing you to do such a thing? I merely wished to know if I was at liberty to go to my rooms?"

Mrs. Orr looked at her daughter, and unseen by him, made a gesture imploring the girl to dissent.

"Because, you see, Mr. Fancourt," said Edith coldly, "we are in the unfortunate position of having no servant, and until we get one we shall be in a difficulty about attendance. My mother is not strong, and I—I am not used to it."

"Bless my soul, Miss Orr, your serious face alarmed me," cried the man. "I would not for my consideration have you think of attending on me. I can easily manage for a day or two until you find a servant." Never in his life had he experienced such relief. He had been expecting to hear a tale of appalling ghastliness in the sequel of which he knew not how he might figure; and here was he met by one of the most commonplace of domestic troubles! He burst into a loud, long, hysterical fit of laughter, and clutched the glass case on the counter for support.

"He is an escaped lunatic," thought Mrs. Orr, gazing at him with the round eyes of powerless horror, and drawing back as far as her seat would allow.

The girl did not flinch. She stood eying him severely. "What are you laughing at?" she asked in a calm, clear voice. "I see nothing to laugh at in what I have said. Perhaps as the attendance is not satisfactory you would rather leave the rooms. We shall be very glad to take them off your hands."

He recovered himself at once and cried, "Oh! gray excuses my most unbecoming behavior. I must have laughed or I should have died. But I did not laugh at what you said, but at something in my own mind. Since I was here to-day I have been in my own paying my bill at the last place where I lodged. I found myself at London Bridge with one shilling, and that shilling I broke to come down to Furham. When I spoke in my off hand way of going somewhere for to-night it suddenly occurred to me that I had only fourpence left. The mere picture of my applying for admission to the casual ward flashed before my mind and was too overwhelmingly comic to be resisted. I apologize most humbly to Mrs. Orr and you for my ill timed levity and boisterous conduct. I do not remember ever to have so misbehaved before. Mrs. Orr, you, and you, Miss Orr, will, I hope, be generous and pardon me."

No speech could have been better conceived to convince spoken for the occasion. The tone and manner of the man were so full of sincere contrition that Mrs. Orr forgave him at once. Her daughter, more nice, hung back and slowly accepted his apology by an inclination of her head.

"I feel," said he, with a very earnest manner, "that my conduct has been very distressing. If you will kindly lend me a shilling for my railway fare I shall take myself off and get a bed in my old lodgings until you are quite ready to receive me.

Mrs. Orr handed him the shilling and with it his fourpenny bit with its honesty. She felt sure that if he had only succeeded in sleeping under her roof that night they would have been safe from all evil.

He pocketed the money, bowed, and left, saying he would call to-morrow, and that he hoped Mrs. Orr would not allow herself to worry about the servant, as a few days made no difference to him.

"I'd have given a sovereign, ay, a five pound note to be rid of him. He's a thief if ever there was a thief. We shall never see that shilling or Mr. Edward Fancourt again, thank heaven, my dear," said Mrs. Orr, with a sigh of relief when the door was shut behind him.

"But, mother, he has left his portmanteau, and he never got back his watch, which alone is worth ten or twelve pounds," said the girl.

"He will be back to-morrow. What on earth are we to do, Edie?" cried Mrs. Orr in despair.

"I'll send a note at once across the river to Mr. Crane, asking him to come to us. He is sure to know more about such matters than we do, mother, and I'm certain he will come."

"He will, I am sure," said the mother, with a quiet smile to herself.

Jeaters did not turn to the right when he got at the top of Muscovy place, as he should if he were going to walk to Verdon. It would be safer, he reflected, to go there by train; in the first place they might see him from Orr's, and it would be wiser to seem to go back to town. Verdon was the first stop on the way up, and he could book for London Bridge and get out at Verdon. Indeed, for the future it would be safer to come and go by train, for the chance of being traced would be much less than by road. He would always come and go by train in future.

In future! Then there was a future for him once again! Once again he could look forward to cheerful everyday events! Once again he could dwell with pleasure on the thought of what the morrow would bring forth! There would be sunshine on the clouds in the sky, and cozy nights spent in quiet rooms, cigars that smoked in quiet hours. No doubt, there was still Pollie, but, really, she did not do any serious harm, she did not interfere with him or questioned the truth of what he told her. If he were not tied to her, if he were not bound down to her she would not be so bad; she could be cute, or almost cute, when needed; if he were a man of no ambition—if he, like nine men out of ten, like ninety-nine out of a hundred, were content to live his life without aspiring to a career of brilliant success.

And then there was Edith Orr.

He should keep his lodgings he had taken, and visit Furham every day, just for a change. He should go there the very next day, and tell the Orrs they need not trouble about a servant, for he did not think he should sleep there at all, and he could easily get his meals out.

And as to the future, beyond a few days or weeks? Well, let the far-off future, the future of a few weeks hence, answer for itself when it came. The present and the immediate future were enough to take heed of just now, and there was nothing threatening or dangerous in them, they were pleasant enough.

What a fool, an idiot he had been last night, and in the earlier part of to-day, troubling himself about imaginary evils, about fancied catastrophes!

And here was Verdon at last, in the early dark, with the cheerful gas lights springing up. And now to make up a story for Pollie, who would receive it with implicit faith any he told her. Well, he hadn't been very good to her of late; and out of consideration for his neglect of her, and her willingness to believe what he told her, let him make his story as artistic and credible as he could.

Here was St. Vincent place now. After his wanderings and his frantic terror it looked familiar and homelike. To be sure, the place seemed a little lonely and deserted and the great hotel dark and lightless and dead. But, then, it was the inner side of a dwelling one knew as home. It was the warm light and the cheerful welcome known to await one within that comforted one when one came in view of the house he lived in; and Jeaters knew the bright lamp would be burning in the small sitting-room, and he was sure no man in London would have a warmer welcome than in the evening. After all, it was not the four walls or the lamp, but the human heart of sympathy and love you could count on to give you that made the difference between all other places and home.

Jeaters opened the wicket gate in the great gate of the hotel yard, passed into the hotel yard, and walked up to the back entrance or shore end of the great hall

It was quiet within the great hall. Jeaters could see nothing, absolutely nothing, but a few feet of the marble pavement at the threshold.

One of Pollie's favorite songs was: As I View Those Scenes so Charming. He had, dozens of times, sung it for her, and often turned it to an amusing parodying in the first line on seeing some unlovely place. Often and often he had used the first bars of the song as the broad notes of his approach. She knew him by them. In the old days, before she had grown an invalid, she would fly to him when she heard them, for she always knew by them that not only was he coming, but that he was coming in a good humor.

He stepped inside the threshold and sang a few words of the song and waited and listened.

No door was flung open. No light flashed into the darkness of the great hall. No sound of welcome, of recognition, of life reached him.

He crossed the great dark hall with quick steps, and struck a match. The sitting-room and bedroom doors were open. There was light in neither room. He stole on tiptoe into the sitting-room and looked round.

No one here.

He stepped into the bedroom and looked round.

No one here.

He crept out into the great hall and stood in the middle of it.

He called in a soft voice, "Pollie!"

No answer.

Then louder, "Pollie!"

No answer.

Then louder still, "Pollie!"

Silence still.

The calling of her name now made him recollect his calling her name three times the night before last. But there was a difference, a terrible difference. The night before last he saw her figure. Now he saw no figure. Then the great river door at the end of the hall was open, and the trap-door was closed. Now the great river door at the end of the hall was closed, and the trap-door was open!

Open, was it? Let him try.

His match had burnt out. He lit another.

He stepped over softly to the left side of the hall.

Yes, the trap-door was open.

And Pollie was gone!

(To be Continued.)

He Protested Too Much.

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The Maiden Smiled.

He certainly used most remarkable gestures, and used them with a freedom that very much surprised young Mr. Leonard, until that youth happened to haltingly think that a Chinaman was an Oriental and that the Orientals are born gesture makers.

He was unusually tall for a Chinaman, and unusually gaunt too, and as he threw up his long arms to emphasize some particular statement, the heavy jade bangles slipped down over his elbows; while, when he lowered his arms again, he had to spread out his fingers to keep the stone bracelets from falling to the floor. Now he would poise his left hand, palm up, in the air, and would dart his right hand in and out of this, the fingers all bunched to a point, as though it were some bird of prey swooping down on its quarry. At another time he would drop both nervous hands to the farthest limit of arm's reach, scoop up an invisible something, and then, lifting his head high, would scatter it to the four winds, with a tornado motion of body and limbs that was very effective.

The play of his features was quite as remarkable. Like so many of his countrymen, he was deeply pitted with small-pox, but, unlike most of his countrymen, his eyes were large, though obliquely set, and full of fire. His neck was long and pliant as a snake, and indeed, when he threw back his head, opened his mouth until the corners ran up to the cheek bones, and shot out a flash of light from under his half shut lids, there was something quite ophidian in his appearance.

That young Mr. Leonard in his little surreptitious ramble through Chinatown was at first attracted by the gestures and Bosnerian voice of the Chinaman, there is no doubt; but after a few moments had passed his attention was drawn to another of the group of which the orator was the center. There were six of them in this group, sprawled about the little gloomy store, in which nothing particular seemed to be sold. Five of them were men and the sixth was a woman, or girl, or child, young Mr. Leonard could not exactly say which, anyway, whatever her age may have been, she was as pretty as a peach—or rather as a nectarine, for, like that fruit she was small and round and plump and juicy; like it, her skin was smooth and yellowish-brown, with red splashes here and there; and she—still like the fruit—no doubt looked to be a good deal better than she really was. Her hair was starched out on each side of her head like a black butterfly's wings, and was twisted into a bar behind that looked like the handle of a black teapot. This general gloominess of headgear was, however, relieved by sundry little paper chrysanthemums stuck here and there, while in the thickness of the teapot handle there were two gold skewers, set up like a St. Andrew's cross. Her hair was drawn back in front from a low but intelligent forehead, underneath which glittered a pair of mischievous eyes. The nose was a snub, the mouth was quite pretty and provoking, and chin and cheeks and neck were smooth and round. Down below her trousers—dark purple, like her blouse—showed two pink ankles covered with fine white socks, and beneath these were two tiny feet—naturally tiny—incased in shoes of light apple green, with high, white soles running down to a point from toe and heel like the lines of a sampan.

The trick of finding out that a young man is looking at her is not confined to the Caucasian girl, and two minutes had not passed before Quang Loo began to preen and perk.

She accepted a conical cigarette which one of the Chinamen offered her, throwing out a deprecatory glance at young Mr. Leonard as she did so, as though to ask excuse for the mannish custom, and pulled back her loose sleeves—there seemed to be five or six of them—showing a dimpled arm that was altogether feminine. There followed coy looks in the shelter of a big red silk handkerchief; roguish smiles half-hidden by a veil of very queer-smelling tobacco smoke, until, almost before he knew it, young Mr. Leonard was deep in the midst of a first-class flirtation with a third-class heathen.

The experience was one that made young Mr. Leonard tingle clear down to the tips of his brilliant yellow gloves and that made him flash so that his spectacles actually got dewy. It was the first time he had ever done such a thing, and he trembled with a delicious fever of joyful fright to think of what he would do if ever his mamma should find out what he was about.

He and his mamma were Boston people, quite rich and undoubtedly superior. She was a widow and this was her only son, her "mother's boy." He had been brought up like a pet lamb, and, like that festive young creature, was very innocent and very weak—and he looked it. Though now nearly twenty, his mamma still called him Baby, and so did nearly everybody else for the matter of that. She would have kept him in knickerbockers if she could possibly have done so, but even young Mr. Leonard's mild spirit rebelled at this, and he insisted on clothing his flaccid little self in the rig of the ultra-diplomatses. On those rare occasions on which mamma allowed him to stray from under her maternal eye, her parting injunction invariably was, "Now, Baby, be sure you don't get into mischief," and here he was getting into the very worst description of that article.

He had passed the handkerchief phase and had arrived at that desperate state where he was feeling shyly in his pocket for a visiting-card when, in one of the generous Chinaman's comprehensive sweeps of arm and vision, the Celestial saw what was going on. For a moment his hands hung suspended, then they dropped with a thwack on two knee knees, while he shot out a few gutturals to his companions. These looked quickly and sharply out of the little store window and up and down the alley, and then, at some more gutturals from the tall Chinaman, they closed swiftly around the startled youth.

Before he knew what had happened, young Mr. Leonard found himself inside the store, sitting down beside the little Chinese girl—closer than he had ever dared to imagine—and the six Chinamen so thickly grouped about him that he was hidden behind them as by a wall—a little wall of China, in fact. With child-like confidence and affection the maiden put her right arm around his waist, and kept it there with a vigor that was quite surprising, while she brought her left hand, holding the big red silk handkerchief, so closely up to young Mr. Leonard's mouth that he could only talk in a sort of muffled undertone. Immediately in front of him towered the tall Chinaman, and in the Chinaman's hand was a huge revolver.

"You was' hay that lill gel?" enquired this monster, working the revolver around until its muzzle looked like a revolving disc in an experiment in hypnotism.

"Good gwacious, no!" young Mr. Leonard was understood to stammer.

"Wha' for then you tly maahee, heh?"

"Good gwacious!" stammered the youth again, and there stuck, feeling very much as if he would like to cry.

"Looken heah, you dam fellah," said the Chinaman, throwing open his mouth as though he was going to swallow his victim; "me, Qi ong Ah Wok, baddest highbinder San Francisco. Sixteen man boy like you"—ticking them off on his fingers with the pistol barrel—"I kill already this week. Now I kill you too 'less you buy this lill gel or give hund'ed dollah."

"I haven't got so much money with me," moaned young Mr. Leonard.

"How much you got?" persisted Ah Wok.

"Only about fifty-three dollars and some odd cents, don't-cher-know," chattered the victim behind the red silk handkerchief.

"Lemme have all you got—dam quick," said the terrible Ah Wok, playfully poking the revolver in his victim's vest pocket.

Young Mr. Leonard lost no time in handing over his coin and bills, though the operation left his purse as limp as his legs.

"Now, then," said Ah Wok, with a combined movement of the head, body and arms that made him look like a gigantic crane about to take flight—"now, then, young fellah, you skippee heap fi-fi; and lookee heah, you no say no word any one or I come—we all come—kill you in your lill bed."

Young Mr. Leonard wanted no further permission, and, the encircling arm of the maiden being released, he tottered out and did not stop tottering until he had reached the hotel. There he half-frightened mamma to death by his ghastliness, but he attributed it to "climbing up a terribly steep hill," and, after lying down for an hour or two with a bottle of smelling-salts to his nose he was again able to stand on his feet and face the wicked world.

The next day was Sunday, and young Mr. Leonard and his mamma went to the First Baptarian Church, that being the sect of which the Leonards had always been strong supporters. Mrs. Leonard's devotions were considerably interfered with by the haunting suspicion that she knew the bonnet in front of her, and sure enough, when its wearer happened to turn round to see the singers, who should it be but Mrs. Todhunter, also of Boston.

"Stay after service, my dear," whispered Mrs. Todhunter, during one of the hymns; "we're going to have a treat—converted Chinese."

All the missionary zeal of the New Englander was stirred at this hint, and they stayed.

The first part in the appendix of the service was a Chinese Sunday-school, and young Mr. Leonard did not seem to be half as charmed by the services as his mother expected him to be; indeed, it was all he could do to keep from sneaking out of the pew or lying down in it under pies of being poorly.

He heard the devout heathen singing some horrible travesty of dear old Rousseau's Dream with all the vigor and tunefulness of a bass smith's bellows, and then he heard a resonant, crackly voice, at sound of which his heart melted like wax within him. He glanced fearfully up. There was no mistaking that ophidian head and those free gestures—it was Quong Ah Wok, the prince of highbinders.

He was telling the story of his conversion, of his being brought out of the darkness and confusion of ancient Confucianism into the perfect clearness of new Baptarianism, and telling it with a redundancy of picturesque action which young Mr. Leonard knew only too well.

"And now me clean!" cried the convert, with a fountain-like movement of the hands from the chest upward and outward; "all same clean like snow, while you, pool sinnels, black like Mellican man's shoe. Come to Jesus come be white, then all go heaven, sing, sing, sing foleyah—amen."

To say that young Mr. Leonard was amazed is but faintly to express his condition. He was simply stupefied, and it was in this stupor that he somehow knew his mamma was taking him by the arm and leading him up to the pulpit platform to shake hands with the converted Ah Wok.

"So charmed," he heard his mamma say, and then he felt his hand seized in a bony paw; a few quick, low gutturals were spoken and then there was a thin giggle.

He looked up perforce, and there, sitting in sweet demureness, was the little Chinese maiden. "This my niece, aleone Clistian gel," said Ah Wok, with a fearful working of his mobile jaws and lowering of his lids; "you please shake hands wif lill Clistian gel."

Young Mr. Leonard put out a moist, quivering hand, and felt it gently tickled in the palm. He ventured a timid glance from the corner of his eyes and saw one as full of mischief as a monkey's. He thought of Celestial wile, of his fifty three dollars, and sighed.

And the maiden smiled.—*San Francisco Call.*

BEECHAM'S PILLS are faithful friends.

He Defended the Weak.

"I had the distinguished honor to be the companion of Abraham Lincoln in one of his flat-boating expeditions," said David G. Stephens, one of the pioneers of Illinois, who has been spending a few days at the Laclede. "Furthermore, the great martyr-president became my champion and thrashed a man on my account, and he thrashed him good. I was a boy of fifteen, rather delicate, and my father, who loved Lincoln as a son, sent me on the trip with him, hoping that rouzhing it would improve my health. We had tied up one night at a small landing, where there was a tavern. A fellow who called himself the 'bull of the Mississippi,' and who had several uniform corn juice under his belt, came aboard looking for trouble. Lincoln was lying down asleep on the soft side of a pine plank, with one brawny arm for a pillow. I was washing out a hickory shirt, and the intruder attempted to souse my head into the bucket of soapy water. Lincoln awoke and told him to let me alone. He paid no attention to the future great, but picked up the pail and jammed it down over my head, almost drowning me. When I got the soapsuds out of my eyes sufficiently to see, Lincoln had him by the collar, was holding him so that his toes just touched the deck and was planting terrific kicks under his coat-tails with his 11 cowhide boot. I visited Lincoln at the White House shortly after the outbreak of the war, and presented me with a captain's commission, remarking: 'The bull of the woods has broke loose again.'"—*Globe Democrat.*

The Unlucky Number.

The father had forbidden the young man the house, but he nevertheless came on occasionally, for the girl was on his side. Last week one night the old man was out of town and the young one was on two hours' visit to the sweetheart. Her father was not expected home until half past 11 and the two hopeful young beings anticipated a lively evening.

At 10 the young man began to show signs of uneasiness.

"What is it, Albert?" asked the young girl.

"What time did your father expect to be home?" he enquired.

"Not before 11.30. It is only 10 now, and it's all right."

Albert became more calm on the strength of this assurance, but at 10.15 he had the fidgets again.

"Don't be afraid," the girl said encouragingly; "he can't possibly get here before 11 o'clock."

Albert was quiet about two minutes.

"Ethel," he enquired then, "what size boots does your father wear?"

"Number thirteens," she replied with an innocent laugh.

Albert gave a great leap into the air.

"That settles it," he exclaimed hoarsely. "Thirteen is an unlucky number and I don't stay here another minute for $33. Goo-l-bye, darling," and he rushed madly away.

A Prize.

Ma'sie—I have a splendid chaperon.
Ella—Is that so?
Ma'sie—Yes. She flirts with each young man who arrives at the hotel; and if she finds he has any fun in him, she introduces me.

Great Men.

"Isn't it strange that nature made her great men so unpardonably ugly?" queried S. T. Leathe, as he turned a portrait book of celebrities in the corridors of the Lindell. "Take the whole list, from Socrates to Bismarck, from Pisistratus to Patrick Henry, and there are not half a dozen men who rose to real greatness who could, by the boldest exercise of poetic license, be called handsome. Byron was probably one of the best-looking of the lot, and he had a club foot, was mentally deformed and morally depraved. Burns was a fine-looking fellow, but he is one of the minor great—cannot be classed with the world conquerors. Voltaire was excusable for being in bad humor with his creator. He looks as though one of 'nature's journeymen might have made him. Our own Henry Clay was so homely that he had to use the horse trough for a mirror, and Lincoln had no use for an 'amorous looking glass.' It is strange, too, how few great men look the part. I have wasted a great deal of time studying physiognomy. It is a rank humbug. I defy any man to tell a Marshal of France from a dancing master, a United States Senator from a barber, the most profound philosopher from a tinkerer, the intellectual hierarch of earth from a feather-head or nincompoop if they are all dressed alike and will keep their mouths shut. The chances are that the lesser men will look the greater. I remember being at table at the Astor House New York, when a gentleman entered who was an almost exact counterpart, so far as personal appearance went, of Daniel Webster. The shape of the head and face were the same, the expression much alike. I was profoundly impressed, and I resolved to make his acquaintance. I did so, and found that for years he had conducted a dark alley saloon in the oil districts until a lucky strike made him a man of wealth, but left him mentally where it found him—but little better than a fool. No, you cannot judge a book by its cover, but you will usually find that the showie t covers are put on the most worthless books."—*Globe-Democrat.*

Whittier was Color Blind.

Whittier's friends were astonished when he made his appearance one day not long ago with his usually sober garb enlivened by a flowing necktie of a flaming scarlet hue. They wondered for a time in silence; then a very old friend ventured to enquire:

"Thee's never worn a necktie like that before Greenleaf. Does thee think it is becoming?"

A little surprised, Mr. Whittier appealed to the company for their verdict, when, the color of the offending decoration being mentioned, he expressed both amusement and dismay and volunteered a promise to discard it at once and forever. He had purchased it, he assured them, under the impression that it was a dull and decorous green.—*Youth's Companion.*

Wanted to be Quiet.

"What is that strange panting sound that comes from the room next to mine?" asked the boarder, who had advertised for a quiet room.

"Oh, that's Mr. Slim taking his breathing lessons," answered the landlady.

"But the thumps and noises overhead?"

"Two of my Y. M. C. A. boarders have that room, and they practice gymnastics."

"And the man that runs up and down the hall?"

"Mr. De Garry, the sprinter, practicing his gait."

"Well, well, I can get along with them. But there's a baby yells somewhere for hours at a time, and it's simply maddening.

"There isn't a baby in the house, sir."

"Not in the room across the hall?"

"Oh, that's little Miss Loo Loo, the actress. That's only the stage baby. She has to see that it's perfect in its parts, and winds it up for rehearsal."

"Thanks. I guess I'll move to some private asylum. There are too many lunatics in this one for my comfort," and he paid his reckoning and renewed his search for a quiet room.

A Little Pugilist.

He is only five years old and he came clattering up the back stairs with muddy boots, calmly indifferent to Bridget's storming about "thim stairs not yet dhry from the scrubbin' an back-sides wid divin' 'em."

He marches right up to my study door and rattles the knob with his dirty little red hand, for the door is locked.

"Papa," he says, "I want to come in."

He knows that he is not allowed in my study at that hour, but boys of five never stand in awe of fathers who love them, and my Johnnie isn't a bit afraid of me.

"Please let me in a minute, papa; please."

"Well, I finally let him in and he exclaims triumphantly:

"I've had a fight, papa."

"A fight, Johnnie?"

"Yes, a real fight. I fighted with Jack Brewer."

"Why, Johnnie, I'm so sorry."

"But I licked him, papa, and he's three months older'n me."

"What made you fight Jack?"

"Oh, he got hot and sweat and said he could lick me with one hand, but he didn't!"

"You didn't really hurt Jack!"

"I guess I did. We fighted hard. I just give it to him."

"I am very, very sorry, Johnnie; papa never wants to hear about your fighting again."

"But I've got to hand myself, papa, and I think it good fun to fight. I tell you I'm going to be a big fighter when I'm a man. The boys said I done Jack up good and—"

"Johnnie!"

"Oh, they did, papa. What's that mean, papa? Does that mean that I licked him? Cause I did."

"Yes, and your face is all scratched up until I am ashamed to look at you, and—"

"Jack's face is scratched too, papa, and he cried and I didn't; he run home like a calf, and said he'd never speak to me no more, and I said I guessed I didn't care, and oh, there's Jack coming into the yard. He's got his sled. Can't I take mine and go to slide with him, papa? I can! Oh, goody! I'll kiss you, papa! Jack! Jack! O, Jack! I'm coming! I'll be right out! Wait a minit, Jack! Wait till I get my sled. Won't we have good fun, Jack?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Story of a Picture.

The death of John Graves, a London print dealer, may recall to some the picture entitled "Can You Talk? The history of its production, as told by Mr. Graves under the shade of the historic mound at Waterloo, is interesting. Seeing one of his children playing with a pet collie dog one day, the idea occurred to him that the subject would make a charming picture, and he gave a commission to an artist to carry out his idea. The price was a $1,000, and the picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy's exhibition, where it attracted the notice of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who expressed a desire to purchase it. Mr. Graves, who had placed on it what he considered the prohibitory price of $5,000, informed the Prince that he had had the picture painted solely for the purpose of engraving, he did not wish to dispose of it, but the Prince granted graciously the engraving right and became its purchaser. Up to the present time reproductions of the picture have netted more than $20,000. Near the field of Waterloo Mr. Graves purchased an estate several years ago, and he was almost a monomaniac on the subject of the decisive battle. He confined his reading exclusively to it, and he possessed a singular collection of books that had reference to it.

Yachting Caution.

She—Wat's dat in yo' han'!
He—Dat's a tellscoop, so dat yo' kin tell when dey's danger.
She—Well, when yo' see any please tell me fust, becoose mah razzer's in mah state-room.

A Celestial Body.

At the circus.
"Who's the big Indian smoking a cigarette?"
"That's Moon-faced Charley."
"What does he do?"
"He takes a star part in the sun-dance."

The Man was Certainly Mad.

Roundsman Toole—Well, I suppose that dawg yo shot laaht noight got ter be mad!

Officer Reagan—Will, from phwat its owner said, Oi joodge th' dawg caught it from him.

A Modern Application.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, tell us what you know about Croesus.

Johnny—Please, mum, dudes wear 'em in deir pants.

Authorized Canadian edition. Stevenson's new romance, The Wrecker, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson's thrilling romance of the South Seas has been universally pronounced the most absorbing piece of fiction of the year, while appearing in *Scribner's Magazine.* It is a story of daring adventure, of lost treasure, of shipwreck, of rescue and mutiny, worthy to rank with Kidnapped and Treasure Island. Toronto: The National Publishing Company.

Theosophist (soulfully)—Do you ever feel that vague longing to be face to face with the unknown, to consecrate your life to——

Sho (frankly)—Yes, indeed! This is my sixth season.

A Practical Tradesman

Rowne de Bout—I saw a remarkable sign in a window when I was in France.

Staff Holmes—What was it?

Rowne de Bout—American French spoken here.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Makes the Weak Strong

For Scrofula Catarrh Rheumatism Debility

Does what no other blood-purifier in existence can do. It searches out the poisons of Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and Debility, and expels them harmlessly through the proper channels. It is the great health-restorer and health-maintainer. It purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the whole system. Dr. C. D. Moss, of Cabell C. H., W. Va., voices the experience of scores of eminent physicians, when he testifies: "I have used AYER'S Sarsaparilla with abundant success. In tubercular deposit and all forms of scrofulous disease, I have scarcely ever known it to fail. As an alterative, it is beyond all praise, both for old and young."

"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried other medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured."—Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Kans.

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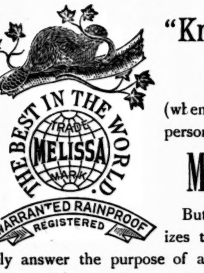
Has cured others, will cure you

The Man Who



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(when he is not properly clad) is the very person who most appreciates the utility of the

Melissa Rainproof Coats

But even the most unthinking mind realizes that when a MELISSA COAT will fully answer the purpose of a warm, comfortable Overcoat and a Rainproof Coat at the same time, it is certainly the cheapest and best garment to buy.

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For Spring and Summer.

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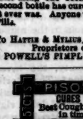

Will knit a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the household from homespun to factory. Coarse or fine yarns. The most popular Knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Self-acting, Rapid. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, add.

Price $5

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I cannot praise your Pimple Pills enough for what they have done for me. My face was covered with Pimples and I was ashamed to go out, besides they were very sore. My sister, Mrs. Fish, advised me to try your Pills, and after using one bottle I was a great deal better and the second bottle has cured me. My face is just as smooth as it ever was. Anyone with Pimples should try your Pimple Pills. MISS JESSIE BARLETT,
Lachute Mills, P. Q.

To HATTER & MYLIUS, HALIFAX
Proprietors of
POWELL'S PIMPLE PILLS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

She Wanted More Room Below.

He—Oh, cum on! dey's lots ob room.
She—I know dey's a lot ob sittin' room, but how abouten de 'tuttin' room!

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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The Drama.

MISS Jarbeau has been flitting in and out, over and across the Academy boards all the week and has been applauded by large houses. Starlight is a musical farce-comedy, with just enough plot to permit the singers and dancers to introduce their various acts. And these various acts, although provocative of much mirth, are not of such a nature as to require detailed criticism.

*

The Board of Directors of the Toronto Conservatory of Music have been fortunate in securing H. N. Shaw, B. A., as successor to S. H. Clark. He is not only a university graduate but has spent many years in the study of elocution, vocal and physical culture in Boston and New York. For six years he has had charge of the elocution department in Acadia University and the authorities of that institution felt deep regret when Mr. Shaw resigned to take the position with the Conservatory. Mr. S. H. Clark considers the directors fortunate in securing Mr. Shaw.

*

Tony Pastor's company proved itself to be only so good. Still, he drew the people and Jacobs & Sparrow's theater was never perhaps so full since the day it was built as it was Tuesday evening. The house never played to bigger business than it has this week, with Tony Pastor and Agnes Herndon. The slack wire act was hard to beat, and Maggie Cline's Irish songs were heroic and funny. She was repeatedly cheered, but to my notion she makes a mistake in allowing herself the masculine luxury of making short speeches between her songs. People feel embarrassed while she is making such a breach of custom, and I do not think she needs to depend upon anything but her singing to suit the crowd.

Agnes Herndon is a clever woman and the way she develops from a lovable country girl into an adventuress, determined to avenge her terrible wrongs, has much genius in it. The girl and her doings may be an extravagant conception of the playwright, but none the less, the power of Miss Herndon makes it all balance admirably. She is specially strong in the tragic situations, when as La Belle Marie she winds the web around her enemy, plays with his passions and in the end destroys him. There is true art in the play, although it starts out with the somewhat unlovely episode of a young girl's downfall. Miss Herndon deserved her large patronage.

*

Joe Murphy, like all actors, can do his best before a full house, and therefore he has never in recent years given such a fine streak of jolly Irish acting as he has this week at the Grand. Standing room was being bought some evenings before the curtain rose, and people who had seen him in the same characters a dozen times were applauding as though it were Joe's first appearance in Toronto.

*

Fred C. Whitney, eldest son of the well known Detroit financier and manager, C. J. Whitney, has just returned from a complete tour of the globe, he having successfully presented Dr. W. F. Carver, the champion marksman of the world, supported by a very large and expensive company, in a big production of Alfred Dampbier and Garnet Walsh's now celebrated play, The Scout. During the tour abroad Manager Whitney was honored with royal commands from Her Majesty the Queen of England and their Royal Highnesses The Prince and Princess of Wales, to give a private performance, which was the first special entertainment given before the Royal Family by Americans, and which was attended only by Her Majesty, the Royal Family and a few invited guests. The Scout company is a large one, including a full dramatic cast of over twenty people, a band of thirty Sioux Indian warriors, squaws and papooses, a company of cowboys, Mexicans and wild Western characters. Manager Kirchner has completed arrangements for the production of The Scout at the Academy of Music next week. A large force of agents, carpenters and stage machinists will arrive here to-morrow and begin the work of preparation immediately.

*

Next week at the Grand will be presented Edwin Royle's new play, Friends. The author belongs to the cast, and has with him such people as Joseph Wheelock, C. A. Handyside and Miss Selina Fetter. Manager Sheppard believes this will prove one of his drawing attractions.

*

What's in a name? asked Shakespeare. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. So it would, too, for the flower and its scent would be there just the same, and it matters not by what name it is known, the fact remains that there it is. But we always associate beauty and sweetness in a rose. So also do we associate homeliness and the finest sentiment which actuates man in the name of Old Jed Prouty. Who is there who has not met in his travels in the by-ways such characters as Old Jed Prouty, the tavern-keeper of Bucksport, Maine? The sterling honesty ingrained in the breed; the Yankee cuteness; the love of right and of doing right, and of seeing others do it; the hatred of wrong and the willingness to aid in righting wrongs—such are the qualities that go to make up Old Jed Prouty. Well, the people of Toronto will have the opportunity next week of seeing just such a character portrayed in all the life-like naturalness of this sterling old Bucksport tavern-keeper, for Old Jed Prouty and the citizens of Bucksport will be at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House all of next week, commencing on Monday night, September 19, and will also give the usual matinees, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. The play is not a new one and has been seen in this city, where it received a most enthusiastic reception because of its real worth. It is clean and moral and abounds all through with the most ridiculous situations, provoking laughter at every turn. It is truly a pastoral play. Richard Golden, who enacts the title role of Old Jed Prouty, is an actor whose reputation is already made. His company is carefully selected and is made up entirely of painstaking artists, and, aided by a whole carload of scenery, cannot fail to give a performance, at Jacobs & Sparrow's opera house, which will for its excellence and completeness produce a lasting and favorable impression in the minds of Torontonians.

Money in It

ONE would not have selected him as a typical millionaire as he walked up to the cashier's desk. He had seen better days and the view had not been advantageous. His fortunes were probably as broken as his boots, and his prospects as meagre as his manners.

"Say, boss," he addressed our precise cashier, "you run the money-bag department here, I guess?"

"Well?"

"Reckon as you've got as much salted down as any other financial genius in this institute, eh?"

"Well?"

"Oh well, if you're not conversationally brilliant I'll excuse ye, but I've addressed one or two leading remarks in your direction, which a financial genius as is a fi-nancial genius would've investigated. Say, boss, if ye're a millionaire wouldn't you like to be a two-millionaire? Now I've a little scheme to make a cart blanch millionaire, and that's Quebec for blank cartridge millionaire. One can just shoot away five dollar bills all day and do himself no harm. Say, boss," and he spat out confidentially under his hand and leaned closer up to the desk, "I've got a little scheme as only wants steam to make her go, and blow me tight if you'll put up the rocks we'll both be the darndest pair of blank cartridge billionaires outside of Paradise.

"Why'd I come to you? Tell yez why. Cause I know'd as you was safe. I been taken observations, and I sees as you was a fi-nancial genius. Why? Well, did you ever hear tell of a man as backed Corbett to win in Jordan street, and went down the street and backed Sullivan to stay in fifteen rounds? Well, I knows a man what did that, and says I to myself says I, that's the sort of a man as knows a good thing when it's carried upstairs to him, and that's the man as I'm going pardners with, and don't you forget it, neither."

Our cashier was not very busy, so he listened, and the speaker became more confidential.

"Well, boss, maybe your mother never washed dishes? Mine did. Hardly think I had a mother. Been dead and gone fifteen years, but she was a 'bute.' I'll back her—but what's the use of jawing, a man couldn't only have one mother as good as she was. She's in heaven if it's open yet, and rest her soul if it isn't. Well, say, that good old mother of mine had to wash dishes three times a day every day of her life 'cept Sundays, and then there was no telling for we et all day. But think of that, three times a day for seventy years—but stop, I want to stick to facts, leave out her innocent youth, say ten years—in sixty years let over, at three times a day, 'cept Sundays, is 18,780 dishwashings at fifteen minutes apiece skimpt. Fours into 18,780 goes 4,695, as is hours spent in dishwashing, which is a hundred and ninety-five days, more'n six months as she might 'ave had a trip to Yourup and seen the graves of her ancestors, or a hired herself out at twelve dollars a month and a bought herself a silk dress. Now she was only one mother, and I didn't count the dishes she broke, nor the soap and water she spiled and all the rest; but do you know how many there are in Canada, not to speak of the Content to which we belong, and Yourup and waydown Mexico, that are washing dishes all day and all year and spending time and money and broken delf? It's a terror when you think on it. Now say, boss, I'm going to reform it altogether, as Mr. Spokeshave recommends in his noble discourse, which it always makes me think of a dram to see; but I want a man of your build and fighting weight to come in with me. See?"

"Well?" said the cashier somewhat encouragingly.

"Well, say, I know you're cautious, and want to see more of the pig than the curl in his tail, but haven't you ten cents on account to consolidate our interests? Thanks, I knew as I couldn't be mistaken in a man what places his money consistent. Well, you know as well as I do what the Japanese does for handkerchers. Them Japs is no heathen like the Rooshans as only had hankies served out to them by the Czar last spring. No wonder they got collara; but why don't they call it right out hankers at once? They's no collara nor hankers among the Japs. 'Cause why? They makes their hankies of paper and carries them in little books, which as soon as they tears one out and uses it they lights their smokes with it or puts it away proper. Never uses them twice, and so no collara. Now, if you put up the dibs I'll endow ye with my plans for starting a factory for the manufacture of paper-mash dishes and cups and saucers and eating outfits to beat the band, spick and span new, in millions, plain or ornamented, which as you cats off them once you doesn't need to clean, but lights the stove in the morning with, and all the better 'cause of grease. Know'd ye'd tumble. It's the biggest thing outside Frick's Irons or Edison's Lights. Cost a family ten cents a day for the bangest up kind of a lay-out—half of it profit to us. Everybody'd use them, sure. Five million in Canada, five to a family one million families, ten cents a day. Good lord, sir, we're bloomin' blawsted millionaires over and over, and think of the States and England and Rooshy—. Oh! take me home. I must hev a drink. I'll call on you to-night, boss. Ta-ta."

ALBERT SMYTHE.

The Gypsy Wagon---No. 3.

Telling how Sampson got tired of Horses and how Telfer bought a goose and Felix cooked it.

BY MACK.

IT was night. The August moon and the tiny stars by their united efforts threw a mellifluous but somewhat hazy radiance over all the landscape and it was so calm and hushed about that wooded beach near Port Union that you could almost hear the stars twinkling. It was solemn and grand. But it was nothing so poetic as this which aroused Casey and made him unroll himself free from his quilt.

Somebody or something had just climbed out over him. The four of them were lying in the wagon, two with heads north, and two with heads south. Casey's head was south within a foot of the rear entrance to the vehicle, and he was particularly interested in who or what was monkeying around him and making a footway over his face. He felt about and got his hand on the familiar bridge of old Telfer's nose, and by

STRUCK A TIGHT BOARD FENCE.

touch counted four feet affectionately thrown over his prostrate partner.

"We're all here, but by ginger, somebody just climbed out an I'm going to see about it," said Casey, after peering out a moment, jumped to the ground. The dogs tried to join him but could not get loose, and he wandered around seeing nothing. Felix awoke, too, and putting a night-capped head forth asked what was the matter.

"Oh, nothing, only somebody climbed all over the four of us a minute ago, and I'm chasing him." Then he came back and all were aroused by a great hairy body thrown violently upon them, and as they awoke with startled exclamations Casey explained that he was seeing if The Philosopher's rope was long enough to reach into the wagon. It was exactly long enough, and then they came to the disagreeable conclusion that that unsanitary animal had thrust his person among them as they slept. Old Telfer, as commissioner on dogs, was required to furl his blanket around him and tie the unpopular canine to a tree thirty yards from the wagon, and when he returned Felix had stolen his pillow.

Sampson was appointed groom and told to water the horses in the lake, but never having hitched or handled a horse in his life he proved clumsy. A bit of a sentimentalist was Sampson. He went barefooted—said it reminded him of the halcyon days of youth when all through the glad summer time he raced and romped barefooted across fields and through murmuring brooks, while

"On my face never a care
Or serious thought was furrowed there."

Sampson recited this fragment as though it was from one of the classics, but really it was from a small venture of his own in the poetic line, though none of the others suspected the horrible truth. So he went around expatiating on the subtle satisfaction of reverting to the pleasures of youth, and patting the horses, and then he led the blind horse to a stump and got upon its back.

The others had been telegraphing signs to each other and the moment Sampson got fairly across the horse they all rushed upon him yelling, and slapped and switched old Staggers into a mad gallop. The beast being blind and the rider being frightened and intent upon holding his seat, it was an aimless gallop indeed, and at first pointed straight for the lake, but some intuitive perception turned Staggers to one side and he raced in his rickety way over small hills and holes, tumbling into and out of them, but never quite falling, until at last the poor brute ran plump against a tight board fence with such force as to partly stun it. Sampson jumped to the ground and in doing so lit violently with one foot upon a stone, sustaining a bad bruise. He wouldn't ride back and as there were thistles and pebbles to injure his feet, he waited until Casey came for the horse and brought his boots.

THAT GANDER BEATS 'EM ALL.

Breakfast being over, old Telfer made off on a cruise and returned with a farmer who ran a small property near by. The two were quite chummy, and traded chewing tobacco in an affectionate way.

"IF IT WUZN'T SUNDAY."

"Are them your fowl, mister?" asked Telfer, as they squatted on the grass and saw a flock of geese wearing pokes struggling through the fence.

"They be."

"What'll you take for one?"

"Sunday."

"Eh."

"Sunday."

Squirt of tobacco.

"Oh, I see, you wouldn't make a dicker on Sunday."

"Nop, but if it wuzn't Sunday I'd give you one."

"You would? Well, say, it's no sin to give anything away on Sunday."

"That's your opinion, being as how you've not your heart on getting a goose, but everyone's got their own religious notions."

"Right you are, old man," assented Telfer; "you're entitled to your notions, but say, how much would you take for that goose with the gray mark on its neck if it wasn't Sunday?"

"That un next to the gander?"

"Yes."

"It's a fine bird, that."

"Well, what 'ud you take for it?"

"If it wuzn't Sunday?"

"If it wasn't Sunday," repeated Telfer, spitting carefully on the farmer's left boot.

"How much 'ud you give, if it wuzn't Sunday? Come, now!"

"If it wasn't Sunday I'd give you fifty cents."

"It's worth seventy-five, if it's worth a goldarned cent—if it wuzn't——"

"But you'd take fifty?"

"Well, yes; if it wuzn't——"

"Hallos!" said Telfer, pointing to something between the farmer's feet, "there's a fifty-cent piece. There must be a hole in your pocket, mister."

The farmer turned his cud over, looked at the goose with the gray mark on its neck and slowly pocketed the piece of silver. "Yes," said he, "the old woman never will keep my pockets fixed, and I'll be losing a lot of money some day."

Then they chewed and spat in silence for five minutes.

"Golly!" exclaimed the farmer, pointing at his flock of geese. "There's a strange goose among 'em. That gander of mine beats 'em all for a coaxer. He's always fetchin' home strange geese," and he shook his head in pious disapproval as though the gander shouldn't do such things—on Sunday.

"Well, say, there's a goose of mine missing," pursued Telfer.

"Any marks?"

"Yes. It has a gray mark on its neck."

"That's yours all right, then. It's sitting down, and you'd better catch it afore it gets away. I'll give you a hand."

And when the farmer went home he had a fifty-cent piece in his pocket and the amateur gypsies had a big fat goose tied by its legs to the wagon.

That was just what Felix wanted. He had been reading how bushmen cooked fowl and he was going to surprise his friends. He dug up some clay and with water made it into a stiff mortar, then having killed the goose he plastered it over with a shell of clay two inches thick, and then rolled this earthen ball into a bed of coals.

"What are you giving us?" grunted Sampson.

"Never you mind. All you've got to do is to hustle around and get hungry by the end of an hour. I'll do the rest, that goose will come out of there cooked a lovely brown; when I break the shell the feathers will all come off with the clay, and when I cut open the bird, the internal machinery, which is not good to eat, will be found rolled in a ball and will drop right out. It's great, I tell you, and so simple."

The fire was a quick one, and Felix seeing the clay baked hard, decided that the goose must be cooked, so he rolled it off and broke the shell. The feathers did not come off just right somehow. In fact, although they stuck to the tray all right enough, they also stuck to the goose, which was as raw as when it was put in.

"I don't believe that 'goose is dead," said Telfer. "Didn't you hear it say something, Sampy?"

"It's making signs with its toes, anyhow. I'll bet you it wants its head back. You'd better pluck it, Felix. A goose never looks dead, and feels dead, until its feathers are off."

"Well, say, fellows, I'm a jay," admitted the cook. "Out west they only have prairie hens and such birds to cook, and not geese with as many feathers as this. I'll pluck it and put it in naked."

And the plucked goose was baked into a new ball of clay, and all hands turned in to keep the coals around and over it, and after an hour the burnt clay was removed and the goose eagerly examined. The other three then commenced to talk to Felix in a serious vein, like his parents used to. They each reminded him that they each in turn had tried to dissuade him from his purpose; they told him that cooks had been drowned for spoiling poorer dinners than this, and then they formed in line, old Telfer at the head, and the body of a goose with wings and legs and part of the chest charred and the rest raw, was tied to a stone and solemnly consigned to the lake.

(To be Continued.)

A Cruel Cut In Rates.

FOR years the conductor had been making a dollar apiece on the cattle drovers coming to Toronto from the west. He knew them and they knew him, and by slipping him a dollar they escaped being asked for a ticket. But one day bad news reached the ticket puncher. A false happiness had been singing in his heart, and he had kissed his youngest child that morning gaily, but alas! a heavy blow had fallen upon him, a blow destined to upset the methodical habits of many years. The company had issued special rates to cattle drovers!

As the train pulled out from the Union Station and on out through the suburbs, he collected the tickets from the regular passengers and then returned to the corner where his friends the cattle drovers were bunched. He dropped his hand in its well known attitude before the first one and his worst fears were realized, for he was given a ticket. The second did the same, and the third, and a surprise gave way to anger. Alas! the conductor was learning the old truth that friends prove fickle in adversity. When he found that to a man the drovers had deserted him and patronized the common enemy, he paused with the last hateful piece of pasteboard in his hand.

"How much did this ticket cost you?" he queried.

"A dollar."

"A dollar, oh! So they have commenced cutting rates, have they!" he cried in a voice hoarse with passion. "Well, if the company can carry you for a dollar, by thunder, I can carry you for fifty cents. We'll see who can stand the most of this kind of thing."

And the drovers were silent before the just anger of an injured man, who looked noble in his wrath, for through it gleamed the glimmerings of a lofty purpose.

ZEKE.

In the Steamer.

AS SUNG BY BEN WHITWORTH, CHIEF STEWARD OF THE SS. LAKE ONTARIO, AT A CONCERT GIVEN LAST MONTH ON BOARD THE VESSEL.

For Saturday Night.

In the steamer, oh! my darling,
When the foghorns scream and blow,
And the footsteps of the steward
Softly come and softly go;
When the passengers are groaning
With an agonizing woe,
Will you think of me and love me
As you did not long ago?

In the steamer, oh! my darling,
I will test your love for me,
You were very fond on shore, love,
Will you be as fond at sea?
When my face is green and yellow,
Will you, darling, kiss me still?
Will you hold and soothe my head, love,
When I am going to be ill?

In the steamer, oh! my darling,
Think not bitterly of me,
Though I went away and left you,
In the middle of our tea.
I was seized with a sudden longing,
To gaze on the deep blue sea;
It was best to leave you thus, dear,
Best for you and best for me.

Sesame and Lilies.

For Saturday Night.

Once more th' enchanted page I open wide,
Once more before my memory's vision spread,
Fair Lake Muskoka rolls its dusky tide,
And once again, love, seated by thy side,
I seem to hear Queen's Flower Gardens read.

From crannies in the rocks about our feet,
Peep stealthy mink, with bright eyes glistening,
Held by the magic of those accents sweet,
Although they would, they cannot make retreat,
But with uplifted paw stand listening.

A lazy crane slow-flapping o'er the sedge,
So close that o'er the book his shadow lurches,
Wheels in his flight and by the water's edge,
A stone's throw from us, on a rocky ledge
A grave and silent auditor he perches.

I close the book—the vision fades away,
Soon will a fairer picture greet my sight;
Speed on, stout iron horse nor make delay,
(My heart-throbs mark the seconds through the day,)
And bring my loved one back again to-night.

O. A. S.

Loneliness.

For Saturday Night.

Alone in moody thought, I
Wearily dwell the livelong day,
Acquaintances I have, but friends—
Well—they have passed away.

Died? No. But that grim name,
Which friends and lovers ever fear,
And sadly think of,
While the sorrowing tear

Bedims their sparkling eyes.
Farewell—cold Fate's stern voice
Has called to rise,
Not from the lips alone, but eke

From sorrowing hearts.
O distance, far, unknown!
To the wide scattered parts
Where dwell my friends,

Hast thou no kindly spirit,
Who will carry me?
Must I live on for ever thus
Without their sympathy?

"Thy friends! Thy friends! Thou hast no friends.
Thy childhood and thy youth
Have passed away with all their dreams,
And now—the truth."

Oh! can it be? And do thou thus,
Proud spirit, answer me
In these cold words that cut my heart
Remorselessly?

I trust thee not, thy words are false,
I know my friends are true;
Think not that in my loneliness
I'll bow to you.

No, devil, no! Thy power is great,
But thou canst not slay the heart,
Nor cut the cords that bind true friends,
Tho' we're so far apart.

There's one, O spirit, thou dost know,
Whose word thou must obey,
He over all things sits enthroned,
And holdeth sway.

Thy trembling form doth fade away
When he draws near;
He is our father, we, his sons,
He guardeth here.

He speaks to us, we speak to him,
Thou canst not intervene,
And so the answering heart doth speak
To friends unseen.

L. R. C.

A Fragment.

For Saturday Night.

He felt like a lover at night,
Like a fool by the morning light;
For he fell out of window while leaning too far
To catch the sweet sound of a lady's guitar.

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE.

Bein' Mary's Not Here.

For Saturday Night.

Perhaps the sun shines jus' as clear to-day
As it allus hev done sence I first could see,
An' did, I guess, before my time began,
But still somehow it ain't the same to me.
I used to like to lay around an' see
It stealin' in the winder an' the door
To make a golden carpet on the floor,
But now it comes an' goes, an' I don't keer,
Bein' Mary's not here.

An' there's them roses, red an' white an' pink,
Abreathin' on the air their sweet perfume,
That neatly every mornin' 'fore she rin
I gathered some an' put them in her room.
I don't believe I'd know they was in bloom,
If 'twasn't for the everlastin' hum
Of Uncle Silas' bees, that allus come
To take the honey ez their right an' share,
Bein' Mary's not here.

An' that's the way it is. I hardly see
The things I took sech interest in before,
An' things I do see only give me pain,
Ahhinin' how she isn't here no more.
It's so, for instance, with a dress she wore;
An' when from out the poplars by the gate,
I hear the robin calin' to his mate,
It makes me feel so lonesome-like an' queer,
Bein' Mary's not here.

DAVID MOORE.

In Suspense.

Her hammock swings over the ground so hard
That the young man with her hopes,
Lest his fractured form on the earth be jarred,
That she fully knows the ropes.

Between You and Me.

I WONDER if anyone collected all the funny little things one saw at an exhibition like that which has just closed here, whether it would not make a very amusing book. In the first place, you should get on the trolley car at the extreme east end, and make your amusement out of the various timid pirates who board it on the long road west. The woman with the basket and two babies, who walks over your feet and flings herself down with a frown and a sigh, and shakes up the poor babies, and prods you with the basket, and loosens her bonnet strings and takes her five cents out of her mouth! Or the thin old couple from the farm who walk along fearfully, and climb up painfully, and sit down deprecatingly, until you feel bound to brace them up with a smile and some cheery vocal greeting! Or the polished and laundered young men who are just over from Buffalo for a lark, and who scramble on the side platform and guy the conductor, and talk loudly of their appetite, internal misgivings, opinions of the Queen City and of each other, until you long to push them off and get room to breathe freely. And then if you start early enough there will be a good many children on board, little boys with thin calves, and little girls with astonishing hats, and a bubbling effervescence of fun and anticipation.

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The men in the ticket offices see lots of queer fish. Men with bad money, women with worse manners, small boys who have more dodges to get in free than you could count, and small girls who pay their way and are sharp and discouraging to chaff and guying. One little manly chap came up to the wicket last children's day and stated his case: "Please, I've lost part of my money, but if you'll lend me two cents I'll bring it back to you. I have friends in the show that I can get it from." The good-natured ticket clerk lent the desired pennies after a renewed pledge of prompt payment, and considered himself just two cents out. Several hours afterwards a tapping and a scrambling came at the inner window of the office, and a small hand clinging to the sill and clutching two coppers while the other signaled for admission. The small boy had found his friends, secured his second loan and returned according to agreement. I think this little episode is worth recording, for it speaks well for young Canada.

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There were little fakirs who concocted tales of pillage and violence, and small financiers who pleaded to have "Me and Mary" let in on one ticket, and urchins who e five cent bits were sticky with melted taffy, and others whose pennies were grimy with *tutti frutti* and dust. An exhibitor told me a killing tale of a small boy who was at the gates at seven o'clock and who carried a prodigiously bulky lunch parcel. About 9 a.m. he saw this urchin unfolding his bundle and asked him if he was hungry already. "Well, no," said the little chap, "but I guess I'll eat it all now; I won't have time when the fun gets started!" And with much effort he actually stowed away his luncheon and tea besides!

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Did you see the lovely English drag with its rich mouse-gray cushions, its umbrella basket and its long post horn? I had really to open up the little cupboards in its shiny body, to see whether there were not some lunch baskets and champagne bottles or even a dozen of Bass's Bittah hid therein! And as I looked at it I saw, away off in beautiful Hyde Park, the flickering shadows of the old oak trees and the tender green of the soft turf, and the scent of roses which a bare-headed girl held up for me to buy, and I heard the dainty rattle of the silver trappings on the thoroughbred four-in-hands, and there came to me such a dear old memory of a long-ago summer day in England! I hope while the printers are setting up this line that I shall be watching the drag rolling round the grounds of the Exhibition with four handsome horses and a clever hand on the lines. And I quite agree with a Toronto man who said exultantly: "I say, now, isn't it fine to think that a little Canadian town like Chatham can turn out such work as that?" For "reasons best known to myself," as Wang says, I am particularly proud of the beautiful English drag, and if it isn't going too fast I hope some one will hold me, or I may run after it and hang on behind!

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The country parson's wife in England makes funny breaks sometimes! Her latest is to play whist with the Sunday School scholars; literally you know, for she made them into sandwich men, with a placard of diamonds, or clubs, or spades, or hearts, "according to Hoyle," and the royal game was played on a green lawn, to dance music! O shades of decorum and discipline! It would be serious to know who dealt and how—and did the small boys and girls have to lie on their blessed "Tummys" to conceal their value? And when the cross player lost, could he bang his card down after the fashion of cross players? And why the dance music? And wouldn't it be demoralizing to fifty-two little Sunday School scholars to be initiated into the mysteries of card playing? And how about the gaping rustics who might take the pains to look at the game? I believe something similar was gotten up in Dublin some time ago—but the city folk were past the age of innocence, and the idea lacked the incongruity which it shows when interpreted by the children of a Sunday School!

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A suggestion comes from abroad that the fragrant geranium — the old-fashioned rose geranium, beloved by our grandmothers—keeps flies away. A moderate-sized geranium plant is said to be so disagreeable to flies that they avoid its neighborhood, and two of these plants in a room will drive them out altogether.

LADY GAY.

Sir Edwin Arnold was a passenger on the Canadian Pacific steamer Empress of Japan, which so recently escaped destruction by fire on the voyage from Yokohama to Vancouver. The fire was caused by fusion of the electric wires in the hold. Sir Edwin is on his way to England to resume his work on the London *Telegraph*, after three months' stay in Japan. He carries with him the manuscript of a new play, Adzuma, the Japanese Wife, which he will publish as soon as he reaches England.

Individualities.

Charles Dickens paid George Augustus Sala the first five pound note the latter ever earned by literature.

It is announced that in the coming autumn Miss Ellen Terry will publish a book entitled Stray Memories. This is her first published literary work.

The holiday Henry Irving takes from active life he will spend in some quiet nook on the coast of Cornwall, studying King Lear for revival at the Lyceum.

Ten acres of ground on one of the loftiest summits of the Green Mountains have been purchased by Miss Laura N. Ford of Philadelphia. She calls her place Rome, because of the seven mountain-peaks that rise above it, and she proposes to clear the ground about it and found a summer colony.

Most of Bjornstjerne Bjornson's novels are written at his farm in Norway. He prefers doing literary work there rather than in his handsome home in Paris. His study is an enormous room, simply furnished, and he works so rapidly that he will block out the plot of an entire novel in two or three days.

President Clarke of the Union Pacific Railroad has worked his way up to his present position from a brakeman's place on a gravel train. He is highly esteemed by his employees and by the labor organizations, and since he became manager of the road no labor troubles have been heard of on that line.

Miss Ruth Kimball has the honor of being the first woman who has won entrance to the press gallery of the Senate. There was a little opposition to her admission, but she has gained only good opinions since she took her seat among other reporters. She is the Washington correspondent of the St. Paul *Globe*.

In spite of Dr. Holmes's eighty-three years, his health is excellent, except for the asthma, from which he usually suffers at this time of the year. His life is almost monotonous in its regularity while he is at his summer home at Beverly Farms. He is enthusiastic about the drives in the neighborhood, and keenly enjoys Salem and its old associations.

James H. Parnell, a brother of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, has been raising fruit on an extensive scale in Georgia for twenty years. That is to say, his orchards are there, and he visits them about once a year. Just now he is in America for a brief visit, but the greater portion of his time he resides in Ireland. The claim is put forward that he is the wealthiest peach-grower in the United States.

The Princess of Wales is very much pleased with a present from one of her Danish compatriots, who has presented the daughter of his sovereign with a couple of each variety of the choicer dogs of Denmark. Her Royal Highness is having special kennels prepared for them at Sandringham, where, no doubt, these Northern bow-wows will have a favored and happy existence.

John Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland, is a native of Blackburn, and was born December 24, 1838. He was educated at Cheltenham and Lincoln College, and he took his degree in 1859. Though called to the bar, he at once embraced literature as his profession. His best known works are historical studies of Edmund Burke, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and Richard Cobden.

The sale of Savernake Forest to Lord Iveagh has been accomplished at last. The disreputable Marquis of Allesbury is thereby in funds once more, and the great brewer of brown stout has now the proud distinction of owning the only forest in England in the possession of a subject. Lord Iveagh, the purchaser, is a Guinness. On account of the services which his wealth, derived from brewing, permitted him to render to politicians, he was created a peer.

It is thought that the malarious surroundings of the Executive Mansion have had much to do with Mrs. Harrison's illness. Very few women are strong enough physically to withstand the strain of her position, to say nothing of unwholesome surroundings. Mrs. Harrison has had the White House overhauled annually, its drainage and all its sanitary conditions examined and scientifically attended to; but, with all her intelligent care, she has failed, as her predecessors have failed, in making the house a healthy place of residence.

Safe in her Highland retreat, Queen Victoria has now plenty of leisure in which to recover from that fearful ordeal of hand-kissing through which she and so many eminent noblemen and gentlemen have lately passed. Nobody could pick up a newspaper without reading something about it; so what a mercy it is that all is over till next time. It is recorded that when the Queen as a young girl held her first Council, she blushed up to the eyes when her elderly uncle, the Duke of Sussex, kissed her hand in token of homage. Her Majesty was not accustomed to her rank then, nor to such reverence from her elders; but she soon became used to it all. Any blushing now is done by new Ministers hardly yet accustomed to their position and sensitive as to what their colleagues think of them while going through the graceful constitutional performance.

Mr. Ward McAllister, the self-constituted arbiter of fashion in the United States, resides in a plain, unpretentious house in West Thirty-sixth street, New York. His salons are neither elegant nor modern, possessing no distinctive feature. His dining-room is furnished in dark red, with wall ornaments of china. Over the mantelpiece is a picture of McAllister himself, in kingly robes of velvet. This does not represent him as he appears in everyday life, but as he looked at a famous costume ball given by Mrs. Vanderbilt two years ago. Mr. McAllister is not wealthy, but his establishment is in the hands of three women and a veritable French *chef*. The social leader is *au fait* in all the minor details, and the female domestics have to wear caps with streamers of a length prescribed by him. He is considered such an authority on the joys of the table that he is being incessantly consulted as to prospective lunches and suppers. This fact has secured for him the title of the "glorified butler." Mrs. McAllister, on the other hand, is quite indifferent to the charms of society. They have a son and daughter, the former of whom recently made what society called a *mesalliance*.

With a Kodak.

ON the steep, rugged bank of a stream famed for trout, that comes from the mountains to wander about, through rocks here and there, in a tortuous way, till it empties at last in the Georgian Bay—on its bank, then, I say, one fine morning in June, a young man was seated. 'Twas drawing near noon, and each ray of the sun seemed to scorch like an ember (such a June before scarcely the oldest remember), so he sat there, or lay there, inertly at rest, doing lazily nothing, it must be confessed.

Now, very well chosen indeed was the ground on which this most indolent youth we have found, while reclining on soft, mossy cushion at ease, 'neath the murmuring shade of the tender-hued trees, one opens or closes one's eyes—which he wills—on the soft, restful verdure of summer-clad hills; on a blue, serene sky, and a glint and a gleam—where the shrubs break away—of the swift-running stream.

On this scene looks our hero in idlest way.

It is really too hot to go fishing today. But he suddenly rouses himself with a start; he seizes his kodak, and then, with a smart, quick motion, born only of practice and skill, exposes its plate to a neighboring hill.

While the plate he examines a footstep draws near. It startles our amateur artist to hear, as he gloats o'er his prize with the glee of a boy, "That negative, sir, I must beg you destroy." The tone was quite frosty, I freely admit, but one cannot blame the fair speaker a bit. Think! Fresh from the galling restraints of the town, to be photographed! Caught in the act! Running down, in childish abandon, a tempting incline. Pretty picture indeed! That was all very fine! Oh, it was too provoking! He surely must see he should give up the plate—and he would, *wouldn't* he?

In such a predicament what could he do? Surely not refuse outright—I leave it to you—when commanded, beseeched, by a beautiful girl whose impetuous words put his brain in a whirl. What man could do he did. He vowed he would make two copies, two only, and then she might take the negative, either to break or preserve. And his eloquence conquered at last her reserve (he was handsome and courteous, I'm sure you will guess), so she finally gave her assent and address.

. . . . . .

Two months have gone by, now the summer is over, and back to his work hies the tardiest rover. Our hero, Jack Harden, returns to his den, delighted to be in its precincts again. And now is begun the arrangement of all the views he had taken: the picturesque fall, the fishing excursion, a wild, rocky glen, the islands at sunrise, a boat race, and then—do you know, the mere sight of it gave him a thrill—a beautiful girl running down a steep hill. Many others he noticed, among them was one, he laughed when he saw it, just as he had done when first the original dawned on his view; 'twas a comical scene, and the likeness was true.

'Twas an elderly man, very short, very stout, who in frantic excitement was playing a trout, his knees braced like iron, his mouth firmly set, his eyes gleaming fiercely, his clothes dripping wet. A bite! a big trout! how supremely he's blest! "Let me conquer or die!" in his pose was expressed.

At this view laughed Jack Harden until he was tired, then a letter he penned:

"DEAR MISS S.,—You desired this negative sent when the summer was past. The summer is over; your photo at last, with another, which perhaps you will fancy, I send;

if it causes a smile 'twill have served its great end. This letter, 'tis short, so I hope you will pardon. Believe me,

"Sincerely your friend,
J. M. HARDEN."

Two days after this came a small dainty note from Miss Seymour:

"MY DEAR MR. HARDEN," she wrote, "That photo you sent is my father's, as he would never consent to be photographed, we are more than delighted to have such a view. So life-like, so perfect; and strange enough, too, when he saw the picture he said with delight 'twas capital! Quite a romantic thing, quite. He wishes to see you, and begs you will call; we're at home every Thursday. Sincerely,

"That's all."

But Jack Harden's heart beat in all sorts of ways, and Jack Harden's fingers were checking the days from Monday to Thursday. Just four days, and then—the mere thought was ecstatic—to see her again!

But why need we follow this tale to its close? What the ending of course must be everyone knows—how he saw her on Thursday, and many times more; how together they studied Love's intricate lore; suffice it to say that the very next June they went to Muskoka on their honeymoon.

JOHN FRANCIS DEANE.

Curiosity.

By the way, what do those suspenders the ladies wear hold up, anyway!

Too Bad.

Chollie—Why, old fellah, what's the mattah! Come, come, old boy; be chirpy.
Wollie—Can't, old boy. Read this letter that I just received: "Dear Sir—If you do not pay your flower bill I will send each young lady a separate bill, and feel assured they will be paid. Yours, E. Roses."

A Feature of the Toronto Exhibition—An Eloquent Exhibit.

ONE of the most interesting corners of the Main Building was the C. P. R. exhibit of photographs of various scenes in the Great North-West. The southern stairway was frequently blocked by eager gazers at pictures, which were, one and all, calculated to arouse the national pride and honest pleasure of every true son of Canada. The various stages of the world-renowned railway, piercing its way through tunnels, the rocky edges of one of which form the foreground of a handsome photograph of three more, skirting the river bank, diving into the well known Kicking Horse Pass, in height and valley ever pressing westward to the Ocean of Peace, could be followed as one passed from scene to scene, and a small idea conceived of its mighty work and enterprise. Where mountains grow, cascades flow, and seldom does one see as pretty a waterfall as the Bridal Veil, which forms the subject of another delicate and graceful photograph. The Bow River Falls, less airy but with more force and volume, is faithfully pictured, and several handsome hotels (foremost amongst which is the spacious Banff House, situated near the famous Hot Sulphur Springs, renowned for their strengthening and curative powers), assure the traveler of choice fare, sublime views and comfortable quarters should he decide to "lie over" and study the grandeur and beauty of the land.

Some of the mountain views are most striking and fascinating, and one is conscious of a vague sensation of awe as one gazes at the picture of the majestic great glacier at the lofty and severe Three Sisters peaks, seen from Canmore; it is quite a relief to come upon the charming view of a jolly picnic party lunching in close proximity to the great glacier, though at the next turn one is chilled and subdued by the solemn awfulness of the Albert Canon, in the Selkirk Range, a grand picture by Notman, which will arrest the attention of even the most hurried sightseer.

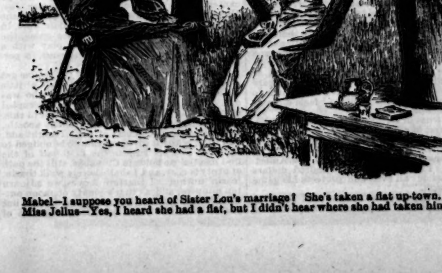
There is something most impressive and inspiring in the silent majesty of these imperial peaks, and mysterious and solemn gorges.

It is a delight to come upon the next group of pictures, where fat woolly sheep cluster by thousands on a Sheep Ranch near Calgary, or wide-horned, handsome kine look with meditative content from the view of a Stock Farm near Winnipeg. Pictures on pictures of bountiful harvests, full-eared grain and busy workmen; steam-threshers, reapers, binders, every labor-saving machine is needed for the harvesting of such plenteous abundance of grain. An eloquent little photo, labeled Quite Content, tells its own rosy tale of the farmer's reward for toil and foresight. Three men stand in the thick of an immense field of grain, such heavy bursting heads of royal wheat as are the crown of content to the honest farmer. Another vivid sketch shows a stalwart fellow whirling a writhing fish on his hook, and one feels a sympathetic throb in some gastronomical part of one's anatomy as one gazes on the counterfeit presentment of the king of fish, a Fraser River salmon! A large picture of the Mammoth spruce tree of Stanley Park, Vancouver, B.C., hangs at the head of the stairway, giving some faint idea of the immensity of these giants of the forest. All breathes of grand proportion, gigantic enterprise, boundless possibilities, and a glorious future of success and prosperity. The sleek, well fed, contented cattle, the placid-faced, fat-sided sheep, the bounteous yield of Mother Earth's broad bosom, in bending grain and waving grasses, the scores of busy workers, the fancied whirr of machinery all blend in one anthem of plenty and harvest song of peace. And through the fair land, carrying courage and help and support to the sturdy pioneers, winds the iron girdle that becomes fair Canada as never warlike harness became a belted knight. And the shrill shriek of triumph of the scudding train, as it startles the echoes, plunging into the heart of the earth, skirting breathlessly round the edge of the precipice, climbing up and darting down, touches the high C in the Psalm of victory. But if the shadow pictures of the kingdom at our gates can bring before the spectator such an idea of its possibilities and value, what must the actual sight of the reality implant, of hope and confidence? Success begets success—nothing can stay the onward path of the pioneer of the North-West. As I was trying to take in the beautiful scenes which the artists had captured, I saw, among the scores of people who had paused to look at them, a quiet man who seemed much pleased and impressed. I turned to him impulsively and said, "Plenty, plenty, plenty, everywhere! Isn't it a grand country? I never realized what the C.P.R. had opened up before."

He smiled pleasantly, but shook his head and pointed to his ears. He was deaf and dumb! However, he had an idea what I meant, and I beckoned him over to see the oxen and the sheep, and the teeming fields and the busy reapers, watching his pleased face and smiling at my own burst of loquacity.

With slips of paper and a pencil we had some conversation, but not about the North-West nor the C. P. R. The pictures had been there ahead of me; seeing is believing, he had seen them and in his case as well as in mine they had accomplished their mission! I wish I had taken him downstairs where, under its glass case, stood the exquisite little model of the C. P. R. steamship, The Empress of India, but I dare say the eager crowd about it must have attracted so bright an observer. The steamer is perfectly reproduced in miniature, and to anyone who knows what comfort is at sea she will prove a strong temptation to an ocean voyage. I tried to fancy, as I looked at the perfect thing in all her grace and strength and trimness, how she had looked sailing the far-off oceans on the other side of the world. She walks them regally, this Empress, and round the world she carries the name and the fame of the noble C. P. R.!

Hard on Him.



Mabel—I suppose you heard of Sister Lou's marriage! She's taken a flat up-town.
Miss Jellus—Yes, I heard she had a flat, but I didn't hear where she had taken him.

Short Creek Dave's Conversion

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS (DAN QUIN.)

Short Creek Dave was a leading citizen of the little camp of Cinnabar. In fact his friends would not scruple at the claim that Short Creek was a leading citizen of Arizona. So when the news came over from Tucson that Short Creek, who had been paying that metropolis a breezy visit, had in an inadvertent moment strolled within the confines of a gospel meeting then and there being waged, and suffered conversion, Cinnabar became a prey to some excitement.

"I told him," said Bill Tutt, who brought back the tidings, "not to go tamperin' 'round this yere meetin'. But he would have it. He jest kept pervading about the 'so is' place, and poke like I can't get him away. Says I: 'Bill, you don't understand this yere game they're turnin' inside, so jest you keep out a whole lot; you'll be safer.' But warnin's warn't no good; not as much as throwin' water on a drowned rat."

"This yere Short Creek was allers speshul obstinate that a-way," said Old Scotty, the driver of the Tucson stage; "and he gets them moods frequent when he jest won't stay wher he is, nor go anywhar else. I don't wonder you don't do nuthin' with him."

"Well," said Rosewood Jim, otherwise James Rosewood, Esquire, "I reckon Short Creek knows his business. I ain't, myse'f, none astonished much by these yere news. I've knowed him to do mighty flighty things, such as break in a good pair to draw to a three flush, and it would seem like he's jest a pursoolin' of his usual system in this yere religious break. However, he'll be in Cinnabar to-morry, and then we'll know a mighty sight more about it; pendin' which, let's licker. Mr. Barkeep, please enquire out the nose paints for the gang."

The people of Cinnabar there present saw no reason to pursue the discussion so pleasantly ended, and drew near the bar. The discussion took place in the Gold Mine saloon, so, as one observed on the issuance of Rosewood's invitation, "they were not far from centers." Rosewood himself was a suave courtier of fortune who presided behind his own faro game, and who, being reputed to possess a straight deal box, held high place in the Cinnabar breast.

The next day came and Cinnabar began to suffer increased excitement. This feeling grew as the time for the coming of the Tucson stage approached. An outsider might not have detected this warmth. It found its evidences in the unusual activity of monte, highball, stud, and kindred devices, while faro too showed a boom spirit, and white chips, which were a

"MR BARKEEP, ENQUIRE OUT THE NOSE PAINTS FER THE GANG."

commodity ordinarily disposed of at the rate of two bits per white chip, had, under the heightened pulse of the public, gone in some games to the dizzy pinnacle of twenty-five dollars a stack.

At last out on the gray and heated plain a cloud of dust announced the coming of the stage. Stacks were cashed and games cleaned up, and presently the male population of Cinnabar was in the street to catch at early a glimpse as might be of the newly converted one.

"I don't reckon now he's goin' to look such a whole lot different, neither," said El Paso Bell, as she stood in front of the dance hall, of which institution she was a pronounced ornament.

"I wonder would it do to ask Dave for to drink?" said Tutt, in a tone of vague enquiry.

"Shore," said Old Scotty, "and why not?"

"Oh, nuthin', why not?" replied Tutt, as he watched the stage come up, "only he's nacherally a mighty peevish man that a way, and I don't suppose now his enterin' the fold has reduced the restlessness of that six-shooter of his'n, none whatever."

"Pshaw," said Rosewood, who stood near at hand, "politeness 'mong gentlemen should be allers observed, an' I asks this yere Short Creek to drink as soon as ever he comes, and I ain't lookin' to see him take it none invidious, neither."

With a rattling of chains and a creaking of straps the stage and its six high-headed horses pulled up at the post-office door. The mail bags were kicked off, the Wells-Fargo boxes were tumbled into the street, and in the general rattle and crash the eagerly expected Short Creek Dave stepped upon the sidewalk in the midst of his friends. There was possibly a more eager scanning of his person in the thought that the great inward change might have its outward evidences; a more vigorous shaking of his hand, perhaps; but beyond this, curious interest did not go. Not a word nor look touching Short Creek's conversion betrayed the question which was tugging at the Cinnabar heart. Cinnabar was too politic, and then, again, Cinnabar was too cautious. Next to horse stealing, curiosity is the greatest crime of the frontier, and one most ferociously resented. So Cinnabar just expressed its polite satisfaction in Short Creek Dave's return, and took it out in hand shaking. The only incident worth a record was when Rosewood Jim said in a tone of bland friendship:

"I don't reckon now, Dave, you're objectin' to whiskey after your ride?"

"I ain't done so usual," said Dave cheerfully, "but this yere time, Rosewood, I'll have to pass. Jest confidin' the truth to you all, I'm a little off on them beverages, jest now, and I'm allowin' to tell you the ins and outs thereof a little later on. And now, if you will excuse me, I'll winter over to the O. K. House and feed myse'f some."

"I shore reckon he's converted," said Tutt, as he shook his head gloomily. "I wouldn't care none only it's me as gets Dave to go over to Tucson this yere time; and so I feels more or less responsible."

"Well, what of it?" said Old Scotty, with a sudden burst of energy. "I don't see no kick comin' to any one, nor why this yere's to be regarded. If Dave wants to be religious and sing them hymns a heap, you bet that's his American right. I'll jest gamble a hundred dollars Dave comes out all even and protects his game clear through."

The next day the excitement had begun to subside, when a notice posted on the post-office door caused it to rise again. The notice announced that Short Creek Dave would preach that evening in the big warehouse of the New York store.

"I reckon we better all go," said Rosewood Jim. "I'm goin' to turn up my box and close the game at 7.30 sharp; and Benson says he's goin' to shut up the dance hall, seein' as how several of the ladies is due to sing a lot in the choir. We might jest as well turn out and make the thing a universal deal, and give Short Creek the best turn in the wheel, jest to start him along the new trail."

"That's whatever," said Tutt, who had recovered from his first gloom, and now entered into the affair with great spirit.

That evening the New York warehouse was as brilliantly lighted as a wild and unstinted abundance of candles could make it. All Cinnabar was there. As a result of a discussion held in private with Short Creek Dave, and by that convert's own request, Rosewood Jim took a seat at the dry goods box which was to serve as a pulpit, to assist in the conduct of the meeting. The congregation disposed itself about on the improvised benches which the energy of Tutt had provided, and all was ready. At eight o'clock, Short Creek Dave walked up the space in the center reserved as an aisle, in company with Rosewood Jim, this latter gentleman carrying a new and giant Bible which he placed on the dry goods box. Rapping gently on the box for order, Rosewood then addressed the meeting briefly.

"This yere is a public meeting of the camp," said Rosewood, "and I am asked by Dave to preside, which I accordin' do. No one need make any mistake about this yere gatherin' or its purposes on account of my presence. This yere is a religious meetin'. I am not, myself, given that a-way, but I am allers glad to meet people what is, and see that they have a chance in for their ante and their game is protected. I am one of those, too, who believe a little religion wouldn't hurt this camp much. Next to a lynchin' I don't know of a more excellent influence in a Western camp than these yere meetin's. I ain't expectin' to be in on this play none, myself, and jest set here in the name of order and for the purpose of a square deal. I now introduce to you a gentleman who is liable to be as good a preacher as ever banged a Bible —your townsman, Short Creek Dave."

"Mr. President," said Short Creek Dave, turning to Rosewood.

"Short Creek Dave," said Rosewood Jim sententiously, at the same time bowing gravely in recognition.

"And ladies and gentlemen of Cinnabar," continued Dave, "I shall open this yere play with a prayer."

The prayer proceeded. It was fervent and earnest and replete with unique expression and personal allusion. In these last the congregation took a breathless interest. Toward the close Dave bent his energies in supplication for the regeneration of Bill Tutt, whom he represented in his orisons as a good man, but living a misguided and vicious life. The audience were listening with a grave and approving attention, when, at this juncture, came an interruption. It was Bill Tutt, who arose and addressed the chair.

"Mr. President," said Tutt uneasily, "I rise to a p'int of order."

"The gent will state his p'int," responded Rosewood, at the same time rapping gently on the dry goods box.

"Well," said Tutt, drawing a long breath, "I objects to Dave a-kickin' of the Redeemer for me, and a makin' of statements which aims to show I'm nuthin' more'n a felon. This yere talk is liable to queer me up on high, and I objects to it."

"Prayer is a free-for-all game, and thar ain't no limit onto it," said Rosewood. "The chair, therefore, decides agin' the p'int of order."

"Well, then," said Tutt, "a-waivin' of the usual appeal to the house, all I've got to say is this: I am a peaceable man and have been the friend of Short Creek Dave, and I even assists at and promotes this yere meetin'. But I give notice yere now, if Dave keeps on a-malignin' of me to the Great White Throne as heretofore, I'll shore call on him to make them statements good with his gun as soon as the contrebution-box is passed."

"The chair informs the gent," said Rosewood, with vast dignity, "that Dave, bein' now a evangelist, can't make no gun plays nor go canterin' out to shoot as of a former day. However, the chair recognizes the rights of the gentleman, and notifies him, as the chair does, in the position of lookout to this yere game, the chair will be ready to back the play with a Colt's 45, as soon as ever church is out, in person."

"Mr. President," said Dave, "jest let me get a word in yere. I've noticed a little trouble in the Bible, and I finds that Peter, who was one of the main guys of them days, scrupled not to lie. Now, I follers Peter's lead in this. With all due respect to that excellent apostle, he ain't got none the best of me. I might add, too, that, while it gives me pain to be obliged to shoot up Deacon Tutt in the first half of the first meetin' we holds in Cinnabar, still the path of dooty is cl'ar, and I shall shorely walk therein, fearin' nuthin'. I therfore moves we adjourn ten minutes, and as thar's plenty of moon outside, if the chair will lend me its gun—I not packin' such frivolities no more, a-regardin of 'em in the light of sinful bluffs—I shall trust to Providence to convince Bill Tutt I know my business, and that he's 'way off in this matter."

"Unless objection is heard, this yere meetin' will stand adjourned for fifteen minutes," said Rosewood, at the same time passing his six-shooter to Dave.

Thirty paces were stepped off, and the men stood up in the moonlit street, while the congregation made a line of admiration on the sidewalk.

"I counts one, two, three, and drops my hat," said Rosewood, "wharupon you all fires and advances at will. Be you all ready?"

The shooting began on the word, and when the smoke cleared away Tutt had a bullet in his shoulder.

"The congregation will now take its seats in the store," said Rosewood, "and the deal will be reseumed. Two of you'll carry Bill over to the hotel and fix him up all right. This yere shows conclosive that Short Creek Dave is licensed from above to pray for whoever he pleases, and I'm mighty glad it occurred. It's shorely goin' to promote public confidence in his ministrations."

The concourse were duly in their seats when Dave agai. reached the pulpit.

"I will now resoome my intercessions for our unfortunate brother Bill Tutt," said Dave, and he did.

This was Cinnabar's first preaching—albeit it has had many more since—under the instruction of the excellent Rev. Dave. On this first occasion he preached an earnest sermon; the dance-hall girls sang Rock of Ages, with spirit and effect; and the wounded Tutt sent over five dollars to the contribution box from the hotel where he lay with his wound.

"I knowed he would," said Rosewood Jim, as he neared Tutt's contribution. "Bill Tutt is a reasonable man, and you can gamble religious truths allers assert themselves."—*Short Stories.*

Never Mind Them.

St. Peter—Well, what can I do for you?

Gilt Stranger—I dropped in to see if you didn't want your life insured.

"But we don't die here."

"Of course not; by our system you settle in 2,000 annual payments of $100 each. If at any time after two years you don't like it, the policy has a surrender value equal to the full amount paid in, with interest added at 4 per cent."

"But where do the shareholders make money by such a system?"

"We invest the money paid in yearly instalments, and with the profits pay the salaries of the officers."

"But the shareholders?"

"Oh, the shareholders! They have the privilege of visiting the locality directly across the gulf from where we now stand."—*Truth.*

Mr. Froude Interviewed.

Mr. Froude, who has been unburdening himself to an interviewer of the New York *Independent*, finds Rudyard Kipling "sharp and clever, especially in poetry." "But I should think (he adds) he had no real education. I do not think that any real scholarship is possible without a thorough knowledge of Greek. To be sure, Carlyle had none."

With regard to Carlyle, "I'll tell you," said Mr. Froude, "the last thing he ever said to me. It was only a short time before he died, and I had gone to say good bye to him. He whispered very feebly to me: 'Ah! isn't it strange that those people'—meaning," explained Mr. Froude, "the Powers above—'isn't it strange that those people should have sent so much trouble on the very oldest man in Europe,' which, of course, he wasn't," added Mr. Froude, with a smile of reminiscence at the sad oddity of the scene; and then continued: "I said to him, 'Well, we don't know their reasons.' Carlyle at once replied, 'Ah, well, it would be rash to say they have no reason.'"

The gospel of "We don't know" was preached, by the way, a long time ago by a sharp little boy, though, to be sure, he didn't call it Agnosticism. The tale is Mr. Froude's: The little boy was telling stories before the Lord Mayor, and when the Lord Mayor asked him if he knew where little boys went to who told stories, replied, "No, I don't know, and you don't know; none of us knows." "I should like to know what became of that boy," added Mr. Froude with a smile.

A Mad Doctor of Mad Patients.

A remarkable catastrophe has befallen the great insane asylum in Austria. The physicians of that institution, writes a correspondent of the Vienna *Abendblatt*, were not a little astonished the other morning, when they made their customary round of the different rooms, with the director at their head. He suddenly called upon one of the attendants to bring him a pair of scissors. It was his intention, he said, to open the skulls of some of the patients in order to make an exact observation of the condition of their brains. The doctors perceived, with alarm, that their chief, who is a man of considerable scientific gifts, had himself become insane. Some of the keepers were at once ordered to carry the director to an isolated room, where he was examined by his sorrowful colleagues, who came to the conclusion that he must for some time himself be a patient in the institution over which he has ably and humanely presided.

A Fatal Omission.

"Our picnic was ruined," said Maude. "We had dead loads of blueberry pie, but no one thought to provide tooth brushes, so we could not eat it."

An Effort of Memory.

Old Friend—What became of that handsome young man you were engaged to at Fashion Springs three summers ago?

Chicago Matron—Let—me—see. I married him, I believe.

That is a Question

Trivvet—I see that Aristotle's grave has been found.

Dicer—How did Aristotle come to lose it?

A Song For Labor Day.

Come, say a word for honest toil,
For every day brows and hard hands,
For those who strive, and work, and moil,
In this and other lands;
For those who use their hardens bear,
Who struggle on and know no fear,
Who have a heart earnest prayer—
That better days are near.

Come, say a word for bravery—
No matter in what clime you roam
You'll find no hero brave as he
Who fights for wife and home;
A pretty picture 'tis we see—
Though poor, he's always full of cheer,
And tells the child upon his knee
That better days are near.

No more the workingman's a slave,
But striving hard with honest hands,
'Neath freedom's banner—let it wave!—
The peer of all he stands;
He bids good-bye to all his woes,
And binding chose to him most dear,
He is contented, for he knows
That better days are near.

Perfectly Reckless.

A round-faced, apple cheeked and pleasant-looking little old man sat by the side of his rather acrid-looking and elderly wife on the way home from an excursion train, or, as the old man called it, "a little excursion toot." He was full of delightful memories of all he had seen and heard, but his wife looked sad and unsmiling. Presently the old man pulled out a little old buck-skin bag and shook a silver dime and a nickel out of it.

"There, Ar'minty," he said to his wife, as he held out the money on the palm of his hand, "there's all that's left out of a two dollar bill I tuk for spendin' money."

"I know it, Nathan, and I think it's turrible," replied his wife.

"Shucks! I don't. I b'lieve in havin' a good time when you git out to it.

"We would of had a good time 'thout wastin' all that money."

"Wastin' it? Shucks! Hain't it right fer a feller to hev a little enj'yment out of this life?"

"One kin have enj'ymint 'thout committin' all sorts o' sinful extravagance. It jist makes me sick to think o' how you've flung money 'round to-day."

"What'd I git that was so dreadful extravagant?"

"Well, you went beyond all reason in ev'rything. What airthly need was there of ye buyin' sody water twice?"

"'Cause I wanted it twice."

"Oh, yes; you allus was one to pamper the flesh. An' what airthly need had we o' that ten cents worth o' bolony sossige? Five cents worth would o' been a plenty."

"We ate it all jist the same."

"Et it? Of course we et it; you reckon I was goin' to add waste to extravagance by throwin' any of it away? An' what need had we o' them sweet crackers when we'd tuk along more gud bread an' butter an' pies than we could eat?"

"I think sweet crackers go mighty good once in a while."

"Well, we ain't made o' money to spend on high livin', no matter what's good. An' look at them peanuts you went an' bought. Half ev'em bad. Peanuts air onhealthy things, anyhow."

"Then you'd ort to be glad that half of 'em was too bad for us to eat."

"They cost five cents, all the same. An' here I been chilly an' mizzable all day on 'count o' that ice cream I did my best to keep you from orderin'. I knowed it wouldn't agree with my stummick."

"You oughtn't to of et it then."

"I had to eat it after you'd went and wasted good money fer it. It jest seemed as though you was bound and determined to fling money away to-day; you acted like you was a millionaire, I declare if you didn't, Nathan Sipes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mr. F. J. Pinfold, Hyde's Mills, Wis., U.S.A., writes: "Have been afflicted with sick headache for 25 years, but since using Diamond Vera-Cura have not had an attack of it." At druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address E. A. Wilson, Toronto.

Shocking.

Mrs. B.—In my opinion no one can be good-looking unless well dressed.

The Man—And yet Venus was a success.

Those Intelligent Critters.

First Mosquito—You seem to be thriving this season.

Second Ditto—Yes; I drink none but arterial blood. It is purer and more nourishing.

A Certain Way.

Bunting—There is only one sure way to prevent the breaking of a will.

Larkin—Which way is that?

Bunting—Don't make one.

In Fashion

Miss Coopah—Has yo' a razo wif yo', Misto Eyeballs?

Mr. Eyeballs—Yes, I has, but what fo' yo' say dat? Hu?

Miss Coopah—Why, I'se bin invited to a leap-yeah pahty, an' I de laik to borrey it.

Didn't Want Any Stale.

Young Housekeeper—Have you some fine salt?

Grocer—Yes, ma'am.

Young Housekeeper—Is it fresh?

Shadow Sermons.

Et yo' wan' toe trabble fas' follow a lie.

Yo' own bag o' meal doan' break yo' back.

De man dat yo' kin buy 'll sell to anoddah.

Sauce er good, but hit doan' make a dinnah.

Somebody else's hoe-han'le blistahs yo' palms.

The Reason.

Customer—The leather seems very thin in this purse.

Merchant—You see, miss, it is Russia leather, and you know they have been having such a terrible famine over there.

A View of the World's Fair Buildings, in the form of a large sized lithograph, in eight colors, with key to same, can be had by sending your address with twenty cents in postage stamps, to Geo. H. Heafford, G. P. A., Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y, Chicago, Ill. As the supply is limited, applications must be made early. Should the supply become exhausted the postage stamps will be returned to applicant.

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Suspicious Propinquity.

Mr. Hall B. Roome—Do you buy your sausage by the pound, Mrs. Hamoneg?

Mrs. Hamoneg—Yes; why?

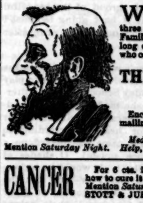
Mr. Hall B. Roome—Nothing; only I would humbly suggest that in future you select a butcher shop a little more remote from that institution.

His Only Chance.

"A man can't help his personal appearance," said Rowne de Bout. "He can't select his eyes or his hair."

"No," replied Upson Downes, thoughtfully; "he is lucky if he can pick his teeth."

Magnificent New Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York.
The Erie Railway have had the Pullman Palace Car Company build two of the finest Pullman sleepers that ever run between Toronto and New York. Every person who ever traveled in a Pullman sleeper will agree with us their equal cannot be found for convenience and comfort. The interior of these cars are handsomely decorated and lighted with all the latest improvements, such as pintsch gas and finished in gold plush, drawing-room with annex, ladies' toilet-room with double washroom, with portiers, hot and cold water, and a well stocked buffa in every sleeper. The scenery along this picturesque route cannot be equalled in the Eastern States. By traveling via this great route you avoid being smothered in soft coal cinders and dust along the road, as they burn nothing but hard coal. Every foot of the road is stone ballast. You must also remember this is also a double track road. The above sleepers leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m., daily, except Sundays.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Gabe Harris.

The wooden tanks on all the leases in the Hartford oil region had been full for many days, and every time a well flowed "off a head" the petroleum was wasted. It ran over the tank's brim, saturated the dry land and formed pools on the hill sides in the depressions behind trees and stumps.

The spring had been early; by the last week of April the snow was all gone from the recesses of the deep forest. There had been but little rain, and the warm sun had dried the rotting timber in the woods. The leaves strewed the ground were crisp and combustible as paper. They were scattered hither and thither by the frequent breezes blowing strong from the Great Lakes, and they found lodgment only where they fell into waste petroleum and became soaked. Never were there conditions more favorable for a terrible disastrous forest fire.

Everybody was careful of fire. Men who in sullen silence, or with angry denunciation of the Pipe Lime Company, watched their oil run to waste, forbore smoking in the woods for fear a spark from a pipe would light the conflagration that they all dreaded. Drilling was stopped; fires were drawn from the boilers at pumping wells.

The producers had held mass meetings and denounced the action of the company; they had even attempted violence. To all complaints the company seemed indifferent; to protest their property they had called upon the sheriff of the county and his posse, which consisted mainly of men in their employ.

From all the meetings Gabe Harris had been absent. In the attack upon the pump station he had taken no part; but every day he had gone to the office of the "Lines" and asked to have his oil "run." Having made the request and received an answer, he handed the superintendent an estimate amount of petroleum that had run to waste on his lease the previous day. The reply he received was the same that all applicants were met with.

"We have no room, but are increasing our tankage daily, and hope to relieve you soon. However, if you wish to sell your oil for immediate shipment, we will run it at once.

"Immediate shipment" oil brought twenty cents a barrel less than the market price for crude petroleum, and many of the producers pressed by their creditors or needing money to buy the necessities of life, were forced to accept the company's terms. But Gabe, though his credit was nearly exhausted, would not thus yield to monopoly. Rather than sell his oil for immediate shipment he would let his creditors have his property, and support his family by working on the streets of Hartford. His home he could retain, for the little portable house with its furniture was paid for, and he would not have to pay ground-rent, as on the leases the surface of the ground had no value, save where the derricks and their engine houses and tanks were located.

Perhaps he would not have been so courageous had his wife not been of the opinion that his course was right. Her mature, though affectionate and gentle, was independent and self-reliant. Poverty had no terrors for her. She had endured it, had suffered many privations in practicing a rigid economy in order to save the wages Gabe had earned as a driller, so that some day they might have a lease of their own. They had secured one on it had put down three wells, and were meeting with regularity and promptness the notes given for machinery and tanks, when the "Lines" came, and their oil joined that of other producers on the hill-side—forever lost. She was glad Gabe had not become violent and made threats as his neighbors had done, because she thought much talk a display of weakness, and she would have regretted her marriage had she at last found herself the wife of a weak man. She knew she could rely upon his silent determination to win in his conflict with the Lines without an appeal to dynamite, which people for their abuses was daily threatened by the producers.

Meantime Gabe formed a plan. He resolved to run his oil himself, first gauging his tanks in the presence of witnesses to ascertain the amount they contained; then he would turn the stopcock, and set a donkey engine to work pumping the petroleum into the main line. When his tanks were empty, he would demand of the "Lines" a storage certificate for the amount of the oil run.

On a clear, warm morning in May he kissed his wife good-bye for the day, and set out on horseback for Hartford to make a final demand on the company to run his oil.

His lease was at the head of the Kendall Creek Valley. From the door of his house he could see the Tuna, into which the rapid Kendall Creek emptied. Scattered through the valley were several villages, the nearest to his home being Kendall. The oil tank of the creek were a great number of iron storage tanks, each one painted red, and having on one side the name of its owner and the capacity stated in white letters. Gabe had often looked at them, and thought, as many another passer-by had done, what a big fire they would make if the petroleum in one of them should be ignited! But that day as he rode toward them his thoughts were far from the subject of a conflagration in them. Suddenly his reverie was rudely interrupted. The sound of an explosion startled him, and looking up he saw a large, flat object flying in the air. Recognizing it as the roof of an iron tank, he gave rein to his horse and dashed toward the column of smoke and flame intertwined that he saw rising near the town of Kendall.

The petroleum in an iron tank was burning, and he knew with what danger the fire threatened Kendall. The tank was one of a group on the bank of the creek, and if it should overflow or another tank be ignited and burst with an explosion of gas, the burning fluid would surely be borne on the stream among the houses that further down lined its banks. From these houses the town lay in the direction the wind was blowing, and the wooden, canvas-lined dwellings were as combustible as tinder. If a fire should break out among the houses on the creek, the town would soon be in ashes and many families homeless.

All of this Gabe comprehended in a moment, and he rode right into the village, shouting to the women whom he saw standing in their doorways and gazing curiously at the blazing petroleum, "Bring all the shovels and picks you can find."

Looking back over his shoulder, he saw fire running up the side of the hill, the blazing leaves blown by the wind apparently in a hot race to spread the conflagration, to carry destruction far and wide. At a glance he saw the direction of the fire was toward his own home and lease—toward his wife and children, whom he had left but a half hour before.

At the telegraph station of the "Lines," he drew rein and yelled to the operator: "Tell Hartford we want men with picks and shovels, and we want them quick. Wire the railroad company for a special train."

The operator, who had already reported an iron tank on fire, promptly sent Gabe's message. Before it reached Hartford, Gabe was on his way at full speed of his horse. He rode to within a hundred yards of the burning tank and hitched his horse to a tree on the windward side of the fire. Then snatching a shovel from one woman and a pickaxe from another, he ran to a bend of the creek and began the construction of a dam.

Two old men and some boys came to help him, while the women brought picks and shovels and laid them on the bank of the creek in readiness for use by husbands and brothers, who, to a man, were attending a mass meeting of the producers in Hartford.

The blazing oil heated the tank, the flames roaring and struggling to maintain a perpendicular against the wind, growing in force and blowing steadily.

Gabe was working with wonderful energy making a sluice for the escape of the water, at the same time directing his assistants how to build a dam, which was to be constructed of stones laid one on the other and banked with dirt. The old men, whose strength was unequal to the efforts they put forth in the excitement, leaned on their shovels presently, and took an observation of the progress of the fire, and reckoned on the probability of the small force being able to complete the dam before the overflow would come.

"Why, Gabe, how can you work so hard in this heat with your coat on?" one of them remarked querulously, as he wiped his brow with a soiled handkerchief.

"Didn't think of that," said Gabe, and in a moment he was at work again without coat or vest to impede him. "Does go easier," he said cheerily, as he strengthened the side of the sluice with a large stone. "Now, if you old fellows ain't played out you can shovel some dirt behind that rock."

"I ain't played out," one of the old men said, "but I'm thinkin' you'd better git fast as your hoss can carry you, or you won't save much from that little house of yours up to Summit."

One of the boys stopped in his digging, his breath growing short, and looked at the conflagration sweeping up the mountain side. "Gabe, hadn't I better ride up and tell your wife the fire's comin'?" he said.

"No; you stay here and dig. Mrs. Harris knows as much about the fire comin' her way as we do. She's got eyes."

Yet, with all his cheerful manner and the courage in his voice, Gabe did not dare to look up from his work, for fear the sight of the tempest of flames that was rushing to the destruction of his home would overcome his resolution to save Kendall if possible.

"But don't you think you'd better go, Gabe?" the old man queried. "Charity begins to home, you know."

"Stop pesterin' me and work, or get out of the road!"

The old man, offended, shoveled in a desultory way.

"Spoonfula don't count; 'tain't the little grains of sand we want here, but shovelfuls," and suiting action to word, Gabe dumped a pile of sand against the stone he had just put in place. The old man, feeling that he was useless, threw down his shovel and walked away; the other one joined him, and together they went to chatter with the women who were standing in the highway, alternately gazing at the fire and noting the progress of the dam.

"Is the dam done?" asked one woman eagerly of the old men.

"Done? It will never be done, for the overflow will come first."

"Better get out your things," said the other old man.

This suggestion stampeded the women. They scattered, each to her home, the children crying after their mothers, who were hastening to save keepsakes and small valuables. Here and there a frantic woman carried a baby, but was heedless of its cries.

Meanwhile Gabe was cheering the boys, some of whom were beginning to flag—one, then another of them, pausing to draw a shirt sleeve over his perspiring forehead.

"Here, Dick, you carry stones awhile. You help him, Bill. And you two fellows there with picks, take shovels. We'll beat that fire, or we ain't men."

Thus encouraged, the boys worked with increased vigor, and Gabe saw with growing hope that the dam was assuming proportions which would offer effectual resistance to considerable of a "boil over," as the overflow was sometimes called.

Once again the boy who had wanted to ride to Gabe's home with news of the approaching fire recurred to the subject.

"Ain't too late yit, Gabe. Hadn't I better go?"

"You can go if you want to, Dick, but only not to my house. We need all hands here."

The boy shamefully renewed his exertions, and the others, in dogged imitation of Gabe's unflagging zeal, worked with their heads down, bestowing all their attention to obeying his orders.

There was silence among them except when Gabe spoke; but amid the roaring of the fire in the tank they could hear the shrill voices of the women screaming to each other, and presently there came to their ears the welcome sound of one of the little narrow-gauge engines. Buoyed by a repetition of the whistle, the little band seemed to redouble their efforts. Soon again the locomotive whistle came nearer to them, and there was silence until the rumble of the train was heard. Then the boys looked up; but Gabe did not pause in the particular task he was engaged upon—packing the sand between some stones. The train ran up to a point opposite the tanks, and before it was at a stand, still men carrying picks and shovels had leaped from the platforms and were running to the dam, shouting to the workers to make way for new men.

Then Gabe paused. He looked up the valley, but could not see his home for the dense smoke that was blowing over the summit. He was jostled aside by the new-comers, who came to the work like a company charging a battery. Gabe felt that he would not be needed now, and could no longer restrain his heart. It called on him louder, more urgently than it had done when there was time for him to get to his house before the conflagration had reached it, and he obeyed.

In the tumult he was not missed, and no one heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs over the stony road. Bending low over the pommel of his saddle he dashed into the smoke. He could not see, but he trusted his horse, now maddened by the roar of the flames

Music.

I HEARD the Black Patti on Tuesday evening and found an extremely pleasing singer. I do not know whether Sisseretta Jones is a Miss or Mrs. I should judge from the importance shown by a handsome gentleman of olive complexion that she had assumed the dignity of matrimony. As a singer, while she is no wonder, she certainly is very attractive. To begin with, she is a handsome, refined-looking woman, and she has a voice of exceptional power and sweetness. She sings with very good style, giving a very acceptable rendition of her operatic arias, though her singing of these numbers in English detracts somewhat from their dignity. Her ballad singing is very good, and she makes an especially pleasing performance of the old song, Polly, which she calls Maggie, and which I believe has won her nightly recalls. The orchestra, under Mr. Torrington, was effective but showed lack of rehearsal and unity. The string tone was far from admirable, and the contrasts of light and shade were insufficient. These are faults which the week's playing will probably lessen from night to night. Against these must be credited the life and spirit with which Mr. Torrington endowed his band. Master Bertie Piant was the soloist of the evening when I attended, and showed a good tone, but was deficient in phrasing.

*

Apropos of my recent remarks anent the encouragement of home composition, and of the duty our societies should feel to foster this phase of art, I may say that I have been sent a prospectus of the Orpheus Club of Philadelphia, in which are set forth the conditions of such a competition as I have suggested in our midst. The society offers a prize of $200 for the best composition with piano accompaniment, set to words legendery, romantic or heroic in character, and requiring about fifteen minutes for performance; a prize of $100 for the best composition with piano accompaniment set to similar words, requiring not more than ten minutes for performance; and a prize of $50 for the best love, dance, drinking or folk song in light vein, without accompaniment, to occupy three to five minutes for performance. The further conditions attached to this competition merely require that the words shall possess literary merit and that the compositions shall be singable and effective when sung, and not merely meritorious. The rewards in this case are liberal, more so than could be expected in Canada, but the principle is the same, and I hope to see it applied here at an early day.

*

Generally speaking, we find that the march of progress and development is in the direction of the west, but an exception to this rule is the extension by Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons of their business to Montreal, where they have opened a handsome branch establishment at 2344 St. Catherine street. At this store they will keep their usual full assortment of sheet music and publications.

*

I am frequently in receipt of kind little notes from my professional brethren and sisters as to their enjoyable experiences during the holidays. One such came from Miss Mary McCarroll, who has been enjoying herself in New York, and who enclosed me some most charming programmes of summer concerts given by the Seidl orchestra and by the New York Symphony orchestra, programmes of such richness and variety as to fairly make my mouth water. The Madison Square Garden must have been a palace of wonders and delight this summer.

METRONOME.

The advertising manager of a newspaper is an important individual. He has but to speak to be obliged, and the gentleman who holds that position on the staff of SATURDAY NIGHT has asked me to make room for the following notices of our professional patrons (and all professional people who are progressive and capable advertise in SATURDAY NIGHT), with which request I cheerfully comply, especially as they form a reliable directory which may confidently be referred to by those who are seeking instruction in the various branches of musical art.

Mr. Charles Farringer, 56 Homewood avenue, is a teacher of the pianoforte who has made a special study of the mental attitude of his pupils, and has always followed closely the idiosyncrasies of those placed in his charge. Bearing that which will lead to success in the study of the piano and checking that which would retard. The combination of knowledge and technical excellence, with a thorough pedagogic system to which must be added an instinctive upon only what is good in music being studied, has made Mr. Farringera teacher whose pupils have won credit and admiration.

Toronto people will be glad to know that Mr. B. L. Faeder has returned to the city from Europe, where he has been pursuing a musical course in the Liege Conservatory of Music under Prof. Cesar Thompson, the world-renowned violinist. Mr. Faeder will teach the violin during the coming season by the Franco-Belgian method at his residence, 277 Sherbourne street, and will accept concert engagements. The Academy of Music orchestra, composed of superior and experienced musicians, is under his directorship and is rapidly attaining a high degree of excellence.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth, teacher of artistic piano playing and musical theory, studied abroad for several years and also spent the past summer in study and travel in Austria and Germany, and returned to the city the 1st of September. When abroad he attended the great musical exhibition in Vienna and the famous Wagner Festival in Bayreuth, and was introduced to many of the world's famous composers, soloists and teachers. Mr. Forsyth makes a specialty of training piano pupils, he having had the best possible instruction in the technique and literature of the instrument, and his immense musical knowledge certainly makes his lessons valuable. He will give instruction in piano playing and theory privately, and is also engaged to teach the piano at Moulton Ladies' College, Upper Canada College and Miss Veale's boarding-school for young ladies. His studio is at the warerooms of Messrs. Farwell & Glendon, 68 King street west.

Mrs. Helene Felicie Webster is a recent arrival in Toronto, who makes a specialty of teaching the mandolin. Her method of teaching this instrument is based upon that of Cristofaro, and is the Neapolitan school. This method enables the player to perform all the highest class violin music, since it pays special attention to the perfection of the tremolo by which alone a full, sustained and, above all, carrying tone can be produced, making the mandolin no less a concert than a drawing-room instrument. The great mistake made by most players of the present day is the excessive use of the "picking," as in the case of the banjo and guitar, performing of an inferior class of dance music, entirely losing sight of the greater capabilities of the instrument. Mozart in his boyhood was especially devoted to the mandolin and composed the serenade in Don Giovanni for accompaniment on that instrument. Mrs. Webster hopes to be able to form a club in Toronto for the study of the best music adapted for mandolins, guitars and violins.

Mr. A. S. Vogt, since his arrival in Toronto, has won for himself a position of the first importance as a teacher. This season he will teach the piano and organ at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, where he will probably meet with the same success which has attended his labors during his residence here. Among the special features which will be developed by Mr. Vogt at the Conservatory will be a class in extemporization, that much abused and little understood department of a musician's work. Mr. Vogt is also teacher of the advanced grade of the pianoforte at Moulton Ladies' College and Dufferin House. The well known proficiency of the Jarvis street Baptist choir, which under his direction holds an enviable position among the choirs of the Dominion, promises to be still further advanced during the coming season.

Mr. L. N. Watkins, the well known teacher of banjo and guitar, has been spending a vacation in England, but is probably back to town by the date of this issue. Mr. Watkins' experience and success as a teacher are well known in Toronto and his classes at 303 Church street have always been well attended. He will resume instruction at once.

Mr. Bert Kennedy, of 351 Jarvis street, has recently come to Toronto and has made a specialty of study in the stringed instruments which have lately become fashionable again.

The *Bandola*, an instrument possessing a sweetness of tone superior to that of the mandolin and guitar and hardly surpassed by that of the zither, is becoming popular in Canada. Mr. J. H. Parker, the leading teacher and artist in Montreal who recently introduced this instrument, says: "Out of 86 pupils taught last season, the majority of whom were applicants for banjo instruction, every one gave preference to the Bandola. It is more easily fingered than any kindred instrument and in tone bears no resemblance whatever to the banjo. The scale, chords, modulation and accompaniments are so simple that from a superior instructor a general rudimentary knowledge may be acquired in three or four lessons. Mr. Kennedy, who has been teaching banjo, guitar, and mandolin during the summer, makes a specialty of the Bandola, training pupils for quartettes on the above named instruments.

Mr. W. Donville has resumed instruction in the violin at his residence, 8 Buchanan street. Mr. Donville mentions, as an interesting fact, that his method has the following very respectable list of progenitors: (1) J. T. Carrodus, Born 1836, well known in London and the British Isles generally as a prominent soloist, President of the College of Violinists, London, a favorite pupil of Bernhardt Molique. (2) Bernhardt Molique (1803) studied under Rovelli and Spohn, and, of the two, must be called a disciple of Spohn. He attained eminence in Germany and afterwards in England as a violin virtuoso, teacher and composer. (3) Spohn (1754) founder of the modern school of violin playing. (4) Rovelli (1793) noted for a simple, expressive, graceful, noble and, in a word, classical style, and was a pupil of Kreutzer (1766), well known to the musical world as the author of standard "etudes" and Concerti for the violin. A. Stanitz (1753), of whom Kreutzer was a follower, was a pupil of C. Stamitz (1719), with whom the Mannheim school of violin playing may be said to have had its beginning.

The Toronto College of Music, an institution having a Government charter, a large and influential board of directors, and of which Mr. F. H. Torrington is the musical director, is doing lasting service in the cause of art in Canada. Its curriculum embraces every department of music—theoretical and practical—including piano, voice, organ, violin, violoncello, all band and orchestral instruments; besides which there are collateral branches, such as elocution, dramatic action and modern languages. In addition to the fine college building on Pembroke street, with its extensive suites of classrooms, offices, library and concert hall containing an excellent three-manual pipe organ, there is a branch at the corner of Spadina avenue and College street. For the season just opened the management have been compelled to enlarge its facilities in various directions. New teachers have been engaged, including: Mr. Fritz Burkhardt, a distinguished solo violoncellist from the Damrosch Orchestra, New York; Mr. Klamroth, a specialist in theory, from Leipzig; Mr. H. W. Webster, a noted English teacher of singing, and several others in different departments. An interesting calendar, or prospectus, has just been issued by the College, which is supplied gratuitously to applicants by mail or in person.

Mr. Edward W. Schuch has assumed additional responsibilities this year. In addition to his duties as a teacher of vocal art, as conductor of our local operatic organizations, the Harmony Club, and as organist of the University Glee Club, he has been appointed conductor of the Toronto Vocal Society and choirmaster of St. James' Cathedral, placing the musical life and effort of over three hundred and fifty voices in his charge. The success which has attended Mr. Schuch's labors as a teacher of singing may be estimated by the solid recognition accorded to the efforts of Miss Minnie Gaylord, whose charming singing and excellent method were evident when she sang the part of Laura in Millocker's Beggar Student, when performed by the Harmony Club, and when she sang the title *role* in the performance of Callirhoe by the Philharmonic Society, as well as in many concerts in the city and province during the past season; by the success which has attended the *debut* of Miss Lilli Kleiser, who is now meeting with most gratifying appreciation on a concert tour extending to the Rocky Mountains; and by the beautiful singing of Miss Mary Jardine-Thomson since she has been Mr. Schuch's pupil. Mr. Schuch says that he has a further congress of song birds whom he soon hopes to place before the public. As a conductor, his efforts with the Harmony Club and University Glee Club, as well as with numerous ephemeral amateur choruses, have always been characterized by thorough training and successful artistic results. As a choirmaster, his work during six years at the Church of the Redeemer has led to his appointment to the principal Anglican church in the city, where he succeeded his new duties this month. Mr. Schuch may be seen at his residence, 35 Grenville street.

Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, musical director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, resumed tuition on Monday, September 5, and will, as hitherto, make a specialty of organ and piano. In connection with the former, Mr. Harrison will open a class at the Conservatory of Music for practice in organ accompaniments, especially in connection with the Anglican service. Besides these institutions, Mr. Harrison will teach during the coming season at Bishop Strachan school, Mowyn House school and Miss Veale' school, also taking private pupils at his own residence. The choir of St. Simon's church, where Mr. Harrison is organist and choirmaster, has long held a leading position among Canadian noted choirs. The noted church will be reopened in October, and with an organ of increased size

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

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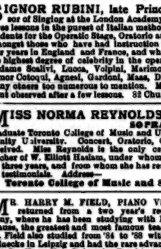

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MR. HARRY M. FIELD, PIANO VIRTUOSO, HAS returned from a two year's residence in Germany, where he has been studying with Professor Martin Krause, the greatest and most famous teacher in Europe. Mr. Field also studied from '84 to '88 with Dr. Prof. Carl Reinecke in Leipzig and had the rare advantage of a course with Dr. Hans Von Bulow, in Frankfort in '87. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. For terms apply at Toronto College of Music and 105 Gloucester street.

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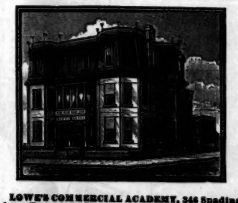

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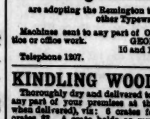

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

grand stand. Among those present were: Misses Dyment, Mseking, McConkey and Baker, and Messrs. Strathy, Hornsby, McVittie, Dr. Arnold, Hugh Kortright, Baker, Ferguson, Clark and McCarthy of Barrie.

The cricket match between the Gentlemen of Ireland and the Canadian team was the occasion of a large gathering of smart people on Monday last. Unfortunately the downpour of rain on Tuesday spoiled the close of the match, which therefore was declared a draw.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Strickland, who have been visiting friends here and in Montreal, returned to their home in Brantford on Tuesday, accompanied by their niece and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jarrett of this city, who are spending a few days with them there.

Book Notices.

The handsomest publication of its kind that has been received at this office is the midsummer number of the Toledo *Journal*, entitled Picturesque Mumme. It does great credit to Messrs. Packard & Tibbetts, and the artist who superintended the work, as well as the writers who have contributed to it, are to be congratulated. Nothing finer of its class has ever been issued by any newspaper. In the Old Country such a publication would be impossible and only the most enterprising firms in America would undertake it.

Out of Town.

BRANTFORD.

On Tuesday night Mr. George Fleming's great concert came off before a very large and well pleased audience. I call it a "great" concert because he was assisted by such brilliant talent, more than sufficient to testify Mr. Fleming's popularity in the profession. His assistants were: Miss Nolan of New York, contralto, Mrs. R. J. Smith, soprano, and Mr. Fox, violinist. The contralto, Miss Nolan, looked very stately in a beautiful costume of mauve silk, *en traine*. She has a fine resonant voice, very flexible, with excellent range. Her rendition of Esludiantina was grand. Miss Nolan sang with correct intonation and taste. In her duetts with Mr. Fleming she showed a certain dashing style which makes her singing effective. Miss Nolan is one of the most popular singers in New York, and will always be heartily greeted when she favors a Brantford audience. Mrs. R. J. Smith looked lovely in a magnificent costume of white silk with diamonds, and never did she appear in better voice; her vocalization, which was clear and brilliant, and above all absolutely truthful in its intonation, was admired more than ever. After her first song, A Summer Night, she received the most insistent encore of the evening. Her solo, Star of Love, accompanied by Mr. Fox on the violin, was more than satisfactory. Mr. Fox showed all his old-time richness of tone and readiness of execution. His playing was a pleasure to the audience, as we have so little violin playing at our concerts. He gave two excellent renderings, both of which were heartily encored. Mr. Fleming continues to improve, and every time he revisits Brantford he shows more artistic work. His voice is as rich as ever, its most remarkable characteristic being the fulness of tone at its extremes, and his method is gaining in excellence. Mr. Fleming's solo Romanza from Faust and The Two Grenadiers, met with ready acceptance and great applause. Altogether Mr. Fleming is in the front rank of American tenors, and the world is now his oyster. Mr. Geo. Fairclough prefaided as usual at the piano, his excellent touch as accompanist adding the perfecting finish to the songs of the evening. No sweeping, no effect of bodily convulsions, aiding his hands—none of the theatrical efforts to emphasize technical difficulties—none of these antics that so frequently mar to the eye what delights the ear, are to be observed in Mrs. Fairclough's playing.

Misses M. Harris, E. Johnson and Gertrude Scarfe, will leave for Toronto on Tuesday to attend Moulton College.

Miss Edith King has returned from a two months' visit in Toronto and Montreal.

Miss Nolan and Mr. Fleming returned to New York on Friday.

Miss Mae Smith has quite recovered from the serious accident she met with while visiting friends in Belleville.

Miss Thompson, who has been the guest of Miss Gibson, has returned to Barrie.

SAILOR.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

Mrs. and Miss Colquhoun, who have been spending the summer here, left last week.

Mr. Ernest Ball returned to Toronto on Thursday.

Miss Annie Plumb and Miss McMicken of Galt have been spending a few days in town. While here they occupied Miss Manifold's very pretty cottage adjoining Miss Plumb's late home, The Anchorage.

Mr. Leslie Nelles returned last Saturday from a delightful trip through the Lower Provinces.

Miss May Wilson and Miss L. Willson of St. Catharines were the guests last Saturday and Sunday of Mrs. H. Paffard. They left on Tuesday for Montreal.

Dr. Gibbons has returned, and rumor has it will remain until October.

Miss Alma left last week for Preston.

Mr. Arthur Arnold of Chicago is spending his holidays with his parents, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Arnold.

Mrs. E. Phillips of Toronto is at Doyle's hotel.

The Misses Lulu and Katie Thompson spent a day or two last week at Mrs. Miller's.

Miss Daisy Boulton of Toronto has been spending a few days at Chautauqua, the guest of Mrs. A. Jarvis.

Mr. J. Lockhart and family, who have been summering at Chautauqua, returned to Toronto on Tuesday.

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The delightful and exquisite story of the meadows and valleys of grand old Maine, with the quaint characters of Ye Merrie Bockrport, all in "OLD JED PROUTT."

The river in front of the Queen's Royal presented a very pretty appearance last Saturday evening. The lights from the seven yachts which left Toronto at one o'clock in the afternoon and majestically rounded the bell-buoy here between the hours of six and ten, glimmered prettily from their chosen spots of anchorage. The yachts arrived in the following order: Oriole, Zelma, Aggie, Vreda, Condor, Cyrus and Walla.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairbrace Winthorp of Niagara-on-the-Lake gave on Tuesday evening a very pleasant evening party. Among those present were: Mrs. MacMurray, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Geddes, Rev. F. and Mrs. Baldwin of Aylmer, Miss Baldwin and Miss A. Baldwin of Toronto, Captain and Mrs. Percy Beale, Mrs. John Garret, Mrs. Ashbury and daughters of London, and others.

GALATEA.

GODERICH.

The officers of the Government dredge No. 9 and tug DeLisle give our citizens many a pleasant trip on Lake Huron.

The lawn tennis club were out in Mr. Lewis' yacht for a sail one day last week.

Mr. George Burn, general manager of the Bank of Ottawa, was in town last week, the guest of his brother-in-law, Mr. Drummond, of the Bank of Montreal.

Mr. George Watson, barrister, Edmonton, has been spending a few days, the guest of his mother and sister, Mrs. John Elwood.

Judge Doyle left last week with his son, Master Joseph, who will enter the Jesuits' college at Montreal. Judge Doyle will visit friends at Sudbury and the Soo on his return.

The life-boat crew were out for practice one day last week. The boat is newly painted in white and blue, and the oars correspond.

Miss Tye of Hayswille is the guest of her brother, Mr. Wm. Tye.

Miss Mitchell and her sister, Lulu, daughters of Mr. C. W. Mitchell of the Ottawa *Free Press*, left for Toronto last week, where they are the guests of Mrs. J. Ross Robertson for a brief season.

Capt. W. Smith of the Government tug De Lisle, at Goderich, returned to his home at Ottawa on Tuesday last to give evidence in the Arnoldi case. The captain will be greatly missed, if he does not return, by both his brother officers and our citizens. In the meantime Engineer McGillivray fills his place.

Mr. J. Mitchell of the Goderich *Star* is in Toronto this week.

ALLISTON.

Like other towns, Alliston has lost many of her sons, who, yearning for a wider sphere and with it better opportunity to court that sly nymph, Dame Fortune, have pulled up stakes and gone away. But never in the history of this place—and remember Alliston is a goodly and ancient town—has such a send-off been given a citizen as that tendered by his many friends to Dr. S. T. Bell prior to his departure for Alpena, Michigan, where he has obtained a lucrative practice. On Monday night upwards of forty of the staunch men of Alliston and vicinity assembled around the festive board, and with good viands to tickle the palate and good fellowship to warm the heart, bade farewell to the kindly doctor. The genial Hugh Kelly—he of the angelic disposition and cheery smile—in behalf of the o present, read an address of farewell to the guest of the evening, and the many kind and eulogistic words which it contained must have made Dr. Bell feel that the estimation in which his townsmen held him was an enviable one indeed. Following the address Mr. A. A. Burk of Burk & Graham, Toronto and Alliston presented the doctor with a magnificent diamond ring and gold headed cane, as tokens of the esteem of those assembled. There were speeches, too—speeches galore—and everything from The Queen to our Sister Villages was (as it is customary to put it nowadays) enthusiastically drunk. Among those present were: Mayor Armstrong ("who occupied the chair"), Reeve Sutherland, the members of the Town Council, Rev. M. McCarroll, Rev. Father Gibney, Dr. Law of Beeton, Dr. Ireland of Rosemount, Dr. Hunter of Everett, Dr. Irwin of Cloverhill, Dr. West of Angus, Dr. Buchanan of Cookstown, Dr. McCullough of Alliston, Messrs. Livingstone and Burke, Mr. J. C. Hart, Mr. Hugh Kelly, Mr. W. A. Bell, Mr. Frank Mercer, Mr. C. C. Lee, Mr. J. Goldie, Mr. Joseph Kelly, Mr. Bethel, Mr. J. Dunn, Mr. E. Fletcher, Mr. Newton, Mr. A. Hussey, Mr. D. Dunn, Mr. F. McDowell, Mr. Jacquith, Mr. G. Brown, Mr. Fred Bell, Mr. Hoath, Mr. George Dale and Mr. C. Taylor. Another ovation of an equally enthusiastic nature greeted the doctor and his estimable wife upon taking their departure from the railway station. Upwards of five hundred Allistonians had gathered on the platform, and amidst affectionate hand-shaking and rousing cheers the worthy doctor and his worthy wife sped away to join other, and alas, too many, under the wings of the screaming eagle. Still the doctor avowed that he would never forget the dear old maple leaf, and declared that there would always be a tender spot in his heart for the friends he left behind.

Academy of Music

Five Nights and Usual Matinees
COMMENCING
TUESDAY, SEPT. 20
THE CELEBRATED
DR. W. F. CARVER
In Dampher & Walsh's Great Play
The Scout
SEATS NOW ON SALE

Grand Opera House

Week Commencing Sept. 19
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Edwin Milton Royle's Great Comedy Drama
FRIENDS
With a Star Cast, including the following Artists:
JOSEPH WHEELOCK
SELINA FETTER
CLARENCE HANDYSIDE
CHARLES STILEY
And the Author,
EDWIN MILTON ROYLE
Seats Now on Sale at Regular Prices

Sable Tails.

Hit's a po' duck dat allus dabbles in de same pon'.

A tack-hammah'll drive many t'ings dat a mallet won't.

W'en yo' er in bad luck frien's 'll nebbah see yo' beckon.

De beggah wid a club gits mo' 'en de beggah wid wet eyes.

De man w'at git de ham doan' trubble 'bout de color o' de pig.

Driven To Drink.

The good, old farmers, as a rule,
Belong to the "teetotaler" school;
But 't is a sorry thought to think
They often drive their stock to drink.

Of No Use Now.

Nellie Fosdick—Papa, you might as well take down the front gate and fence.

Fosdick Pere—Why, daughter, you always have objected to their removal.

Nellie Fosdick—Yes, but the city authorities have hung an electric light right in front of the house.

At a Disadvantage.

Miss Bleecker—In that discussion with Sue you had her where the hair was short.

Miss Emerson (of Boston)—Yes; I secured her at a point where the capillary appendages were abbreviated.

Fatal But Fitting.

Saldso—If a foreigner commits a crime here he ought to get the same punishment as though he were at home.

Herdso—What would you do with a Russian anarchist?

Saldso—Give him a—er—Russian bath.

Decorations
AND . . . .
Wall Papers

Our Autumn display embraces many novelties in Relief Ornament, Panel Effects and Exquisite Designs in the French styles of Louis Quinze, Watteau, Empire and some specially fine goods at remarkably low prices.

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From TORONTO to	
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CLEVELAND	6.50
SAGINAW, BAY CITY, GRAND RAPIDS	7.00
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ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS or DULUTH, ACCORDING TO ROUTE	$31.00 to 34.50

All tickets good to Return until October 17th.

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PROF. J. F. DAVIS announces the following
NEW ROUND DANCES
for the coming season. They will be taught in Canada and the United States by hundreds of teachers:
LA PETITE PAVANE
HARVARD GAVOTTE
BOSTON SWING
CARLYLE
LA PANTOMIME
MAS-TERSA SLIDE WALTZ
MAS-TERSA SLIDE SCHOTTISCHE
and GAVOTTE LANCERS
Music for these new dances may be obtained from Prof. J. F. Davis at his
Dancing Academy, 102 Wilton Ave.
Classes for Juveniles, Ladies and Gentlemen now forming. All standard and new dances taught. Kindly call.

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Now at 3 King Street E., Toronto
TAKE ELEVATOR
Facial Massage and Hygiene Steaming Manicure.
Dr. J. Parker Fray's Manicure goods for sale. Mme. Bra-Zee's Cream and Balm. Josephine Moore's "Always Young." Isabel Cassidy's of New York, Toilet Good's, the best I can find for my customers. Work done and lessons given. The Home Toilet Vaporizer. Steam apparatus for home use for sale. The most complete apparatus of the kind on the market. Gentz' Face Massage and Moustache Stimulant. Dr. Woodward's Harmona we use in the antiseptic toilet bath, and Paraline obtained from white lambs wool, unequalled for softening, cleansing, bleaching and nourishing the skin. The Francis Cleveland Beautifier. My goods are all made by a physician specialist for the toilet trade. Thanks to my many Canadian customers that have patronized me in my fifteen years business on King street. No. 1 Toilet Parlors, No. 2 Pattern Rooms, No. 3 King Street E., Toronto.

MDCCCXCII.

Our complete and unrivaled stock of clothes for Fall and Winter is now ready for the inspection of our customers and the public generally.

We will be pleased to put aside any choice pattern selected before the line is broken.

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MONTREAL
AND RETURN
IN CONNECTION WITH THE
MONTREAL EXPOSITION

On Sept. 19th and 21st	$7.00
On Sept. 19th to 22nd	$10.00

INCLUSIVE

FOUR ROUTES

1. All Rail	$7.00 and $10.00
2. Boat to Montreal, return all rail	12.00
3. Rail to Kingston, Boat to Montreal, return all rail	12.00
4. Rail to Ottawa, Boat to Montreal, return all rail	12.50

ALL TICKETS GOOD TO RETURN UNTIL SEPT. 24.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
Will sell Round Trip Tickets from Toronto to
LONDON
AND RETURN
IN CONNECTION WITH THE
WESTERN FAIR

On Sept 20th and 22nd	$2.50
Sept. 15th to Sept. 23rd	$3.40

INCLUSIVE.

All tickets good to return until Sept. 28

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From the best Jacket for $5 in the trade, to the most stylish garment for $100.

NOW ON VIEW AT

R. WALKER & SONS

Music.

(Continued from Page Ten.)

the services at this church will doubtless be among the attractions of the city.

Mr. Frederic Boscovitz has resumed his classes at his studio at Messrs. Nordheimer's, 15 King street east, with gratifying prospects of a large and talented clientele. He will give three recitals this season, which should prove interesting alike to the music-lover and to the student. Mr. Boscovitz is getting out some new compositions, and has signed contracts with the Oliver Ditson Company, the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishing Company and Messrs. Enoch & Sons, London, England, for their simultaneous publications in the United States, Canada and Europe.

Mr. H. W. Webster, who is now associated with the Toronto College of Music as vocal instructor, is a gentleman of extensive experience as both singer and teacher. He has a repertoire of wide range in oratorio, opera and concert, acquired in England and Italy, and comes to Toronto with warm recommendations. He and Mrs. Webster will give a recital at the College of Music on Thursday evening next, for which a most attractive programme has been prepared.

A Prominent Lawyer Says:

"I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom but has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

A Clever Stroke.

One of the greatest conveniences of the Fair has been the handy little programme of the events in the Exhibition grounds from the first day to the last, together with an official C. P. R. time table. This is another one of those bright, pushing strokes of enterprise constantly being made by the Canadian Pacific people. The folders were given away and greatly prized by everybody. Besides containing the things mentioned it also included a list of the places of public interest in Toronto, the principal hotels and a full list of the fall fairs in Ontario, giving date and place.

Had Him There.

"My friend," said the teetotaler, placing his hand on the tippler's arm, "beware of the enemy in that glass! Rum has leveled many a man much stronger than you."

"All right," replied the depraved man with a leer; "all right, but didn't the man get the rum down first?"

They all Knew.

"Now," said the clairvoyant to her group of visitors, "I will describe a person known and loved by everybody in this room. The person has the characteristic of always being in a hurry and always being delayed. Will run two blocks for a waiting street-car and then stop to wait for the next one. Generally stands on the wrong side of the crossing and is invariably unable to find change. Does any one recognize this person?" And every man in the room got up and shouted, "It's my wife!"

Musically Speaking.

She—Is yo' a 'prannin' in de choir now, Misto Curley?

Mr. Curley—No indeed, I'se bassin.

Only a friend can appreciate the peculiar virtues of that magnanimity which would not stab an enemy but would prick a friend.

He—Mrs. Hicks hadn't her pug a week before Hicks got him a bulldog.

She—So they each have a dog now?

He—No; just Hicks.

Mother—Now, you have broken my cup. You deserve a whipping. Come here.

Fritz—No; I won't come.

Mother—Come, Fritz, till I whip you, and then you shall have a slice of cake.

Billing and Cooing.

Sweet memory! those blissful days,
With honeymoon cooing—
When, unhastened, our time we passed,
A-billing and a-cooing.

A change has come; and sterner things
Our time and troubles are filling.
Our babes do the cooing now,
Our creditors the billing.

Feed a Cold

Yes, but feed it with Scott's Emulsion. Feeding the cold kills it, and no one can afford to have a cough or cold, acute and leading to consumption, lurking around him.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

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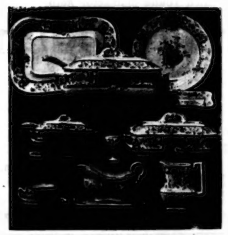

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An agreeable, sure and quick remedy for
CHOLERA, CRAMPS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, SEA SICKNESS, SUMMER COMPLAINT
100 YONGE STREET

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

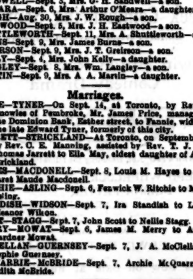
SNELGROVE—At Cobourg, on Sept. 1st, 1892, the wife of Henry J. Snelgrove, J.P., editor of the *World*, of a son.
COLEMAN—Sept. 6, Mrs. E. C. Coleman—a daughter.
DOAN—Aug. 31, Mrs. A. E. Doan—a son.
DAVIS—Sept. 3, Mrs. W. H. Davis—a daughter.
DONALD—Aug. 30, Mrs. James F. Donald—a son.
HAWLEY—Sept. 17, Mrs. John Hawley—a daughter.
McKENZIE—Sept. 1, Mrs. George McKenzie—a daughter.
SANDWELL—Sept. 3, Mrs. G. H. Sandwell—a son.
O'HARA—Sept. 6, Mrs. Arthur O'Hara—a daughter.
ROUGH—Aug. 30, Mrs. J. W. Rough—a son.
EASTWOOD—Sept. 5, Mrs. J. H. Eastwood—a son.
SHUTTLEWORTH—Sept. 11, Mrs. A. Shuttleworth—a son.
BURNS—Sept. 9, Mrs. James Burns—a son.
GREDSON—Sept. 9, Mrs. J. T. Gredson—a son.
KELLY—Sept. 4, Mrs. John Kelly—a daughter.
LANGLEY—Sept. 1, Mrs. Wm. Langley—a son.
MARTIN—Sept. 9, Mrs. A. A. Martin—a daughter.

Marriages.

PRICE—TYNER—On Sept. 14, at Toronto, by Rev. E. Knowles of Pembroke, Mr. James Price, manager of the Dominion Bank, Esther street, to Fannie, widow of the late Edward Tyner, formerly of this city.
JARRETT—STRICKLAND—At Toronto, on September 10, by Rev. G. E. Manning, assisted by Rev. T. J. Parr, Thomas Jarrett to Ella May, eldest daughter of A. W. Strickland.
HAYES—MACDONELL—Sept. 8, Louis M. Hayes to Margaret Maude Macdonell.
RITCHIE—ASLING—Sept. 6, Fenwick W. Ritchie to Madge Asling.
STANDISH—WIDSON—Sept. 7, Ira Standish to Louisa Eleanor Widson.
SCOTT—STAGG—Sept. 7, John Scott to Nellie Stagg.
MERRY—MOWAT—Sept. 6, James M. Merry to Amelia Gardner Mowat.
McCLELLAN—GUERNSEY—Sept. 7, J. A. McClellan to Sophie Guernsey.
McQUARRIE—McBRIDE—Sept. 7, Archie McQuarrie to Edith McBride.

Deaths.

KILBY—Sept. 11, E. T. Kilby, aged 48.
HAUN—Sept. 12, James H. Haun, aged 50.
FINN—Sept. —, James Finn, aged 82.
SKYNNER—Sept. 7, infant son of W. Skynner.
BOGART—Sept. 10, Joseph Bogart, aged 65.
MEARNS—Sept. 4, Jean M. Mearns, aged 72.
FORBES—Sept. 10, Mary Forbes, aged 44.
HAMILTON—Sept. 10, R. J. Hamilton, aged 50.
BETTES—Sept. 11, Martha M. Bettes.
SLADE—Sept. 11, Fanny Slade, aged 62.
KILLALY—Sept. 10, H. H. Killaly, aged 51.
READ—Sept. 7, Rev. Canon Read, aged 75.
BEERES—Sept. 8, Jessie Beeres.
MACKENZIE—Sept. 9, Alex Mackenzie, aged 83.
HEARD—Sept. 7, J. H. Heard, aged 25.
HOWIE—Sept. 9, Matthew Howie, aged 57.
JACKSON—Sept. 8, John Jackson, aged 55.
STANTON—Aug. 31, Mary H. Stanton, aged 65.
McLENNAN—Sept. 9, Mary H. McLennan.
MAGUIRE—Sept. 12, Edward Maguire, aged 25.
McGANN—Aug. 23, Elizabeth A. McGann.



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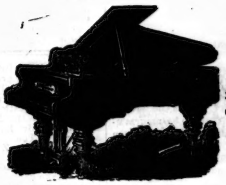

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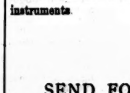

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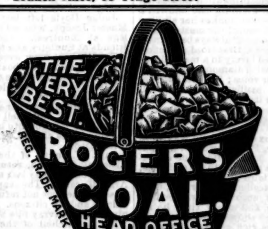

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USE HOWARTH'S
Carminative Mixture
This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants occasioned by teething or other causes. Gives rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by
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